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# THE KNIGHT OF the Burning Pestle.

*——— Quod si*
*Iudicium subtile, videndis artibus illud*
*Ad libros & ad hæc Musarum dona vocares:*
*Bœotum in crasso iurares aëre natos.*
Horat. in Epist. ad Oct. Aug.

Beaumont, Francis

LONDON,
Printed for *Walter Burre*, and are to be sold at the signe of the Crane in Paules Church-yard.
1613.

# LUNACY OR

# The Burning Pile.

LONDON,
Printed for Walter Burre, and are to be sold at the
Signe of the Crane in Paules Church-yard.
1615.

# TO HIS MANY WAIES ENDEERED friend Maister Robert Keysar.

*IR, this vnfortunate child, who in eight daies (as lately I haue learned) was begot and borne, soone after, was by his parents (perhaps because hee was so vnlike his brethren) exposed to the wide world, who for want of iudgement, or not vnderstanding the priuy marke of* Ironie *about it (which shewed it was no of-spring of any vulgar braine) vtterly reiected it: so that for want of acceptance it was euen ready to giue vp the Ghost, and was in danger to haue bene smothered in perpetuall obliuion, if you (out of your direct* antipathy *to ingratitude) had not bene moued both to relieue and cherish it: wherein I must needs commend both your iudgement, vnderstanding, and singular loue to good wits; you afterwards sent it to mee, yet being an infant and somewhat ragged, I haue fostred it priuately in my bosome these two yeares,*

*and now to shew my loue returne it to you, clad in good lasting cloaths, which scarce memory will weare out, and able to speake for it selfe; and withall, as it telleth mee, desirous to try his fortune in the world, where if yet it be welcome, both father and foster-father, nurse and child, haue their desired end. If it bee slighted or traduced, it hopes his father will beget him a yonger brother, who shall reuenge his quarrell, and challenge the world either of fond and meerely literall interpretation, or illiterate misprision. Perhaps it will be thought to bee of the race of* Don Quixote: *we both may confidently sweare, it is his elder aboue a yeare; and therefore may (by vertue of his birth-right) challenge the wall of him. I doubt not but they will meet in their aduentures, and I hope the breaking of one staffe will make them friends; and perhaps they will conbine themselues, and trauell through the world to seeke their aduentures. So I commit him to his good fortune, and my selfe to your loue.*

Your assured friend

W. B.

# The famous Historie

## Of the Knight of the burning PESTLE.

*Enter* PROLOGVE.

FRom all that's neere the Court, from all that's great
Within the compasse of the Citty-wals,
We now haue brought our Sceane.

*Enter Citizen.*

*Cit.* Hold your peace good-man boy.

*Pro.* What do you meane sir?

*Cit.* That you haue no good meaning: This seuen yeares there hath beene playes at this house, I haue obserued it, you haue still girds at Citizens; and now you call your play, *The London Marchant.* Downe with your Title boy, downe with your Title.

*Pro.* Are you a member of the noble Citty?

*Cit.* I am.

*Pro.* And a Free-man?

*Cit.* Yea, and a Grocer.

*Pro.* So Grocer, then by your sweet sauour, we intend no abuse to the Citty.

*Cit.* No sir, yes sir, if you were not resolu'd to play the Iacks, what need you study for new subiects, purposely to abuse your betters? why could not you be contented, as well as others, with the legend of *Whittington*, or the life & death of sir *Thomas Gresham*? with the building of the Royall Exchange?

change? or the story of Queene *Elenor*, with the rearing of London bridge vpon wool-sackes?

*Prol.* You seeme to bee an vnderstanding man: what would you haue vs do sir?

*Cit.* Why present something notably in honour of the Commons of the Citty.

*Pro.* Why what doe you say to the life and death of fat *Drake*, or the repairing of Fleet-priuies?

*Cit.* I do not like that, but I will haue a Citizen, and hee shall be of my owne trade.

*Pro.* Oh you should haue told vs your minde a moneth since, our play is ready to begin now.

*Cit.* 'Tis all one for that, I will haue a Grocer, and he shall do admirable things.

*Pro.* What will you haue him do?

*Cit.* Marry I will haue him——

*Wife.* Husband, husband. *Wife below.*

*Rafe.* Peace mistresse. *Rafe below.*

*Wife.* Hold thy peace *Rafe*, I know what I do I warrant tee. Husband, husband.

*Cit.* What sayst thou cunny?

*Wife.* Let him kill a Lyon with a pestle husband, let him kill a Lyon with a pestle.

*Cit.* So he shall, Ile haue him kill a Lyon with a pestle.

*Wife.* Husband, shall I come vp husband?

*Cit.* I cunny. *Rafe* helpe your mistresse this way: pray gentlemen make her a little roome, I pray you sir lend me your hand to helpe vp my wife: I thanke you sir. So.

*Wife.* By your leaue Gentlemen all, Im'e somthing troublesome, Im'e a strãger here, I was nere at one of these playes as they say, before; but I should haue seene *Iane Shore* once, and my husband hath promised me any time this Twelue-moneth to carry me to the *Bold Beauchams*, but in truth he did not, I pray you beare with me.

*Cit.* Boy, let my wife and I haue a cupple stooles, and then begin, and let the Grocer do rare things.

*Prol.* But sir, we haue neuer a boy to play him, euery one

one hath a part already.

*Wife.* Husband, husband, for Gods sake let *Rafe* play him, beshrew mee if I do not thinke hee will goe beyond them all.

*Cit.* Well remembred wife, come vp *Rafe*: Il'e tell you Gentlemen, let them but lend him a suit of reparrell, and necessaries, and by Gad, if any of them all blow winde in the taile on him, Il'e be hang'd.

*Wife.* I pray you youth let him haue a suit of reparrell, Il'e be sworne Gentlemen, my husband tels you true, hee will act you sometimes at our house, that all the neighbours cry out on him: hee will fetch you vp a couraging part so in the garret, that we are all as feard I warrant you, that wee quake againe: wee'l feare our children with him if they bee neuer so vn-ruly, do but cry, *Rafe comes*, *Rafe comes* to them, and they'l be as quyet as Lambes. Hold vp thy head *Rafe*, shew the Gentlemen what thou canst doe, speake a huffing part, I warrant you the Gentlemen will accept of it.

*Cit.* Do *Rafe*, do.

*Rafe.* By heauen me thinkes it were an easie leap
To plucke bright honour from the pale-fac'd Moone,
Or diue into the bottome of the sea,
Where neuer fathame line touch't any ground,
And plucke vp drowned honor from the lake of hell.

*Cit.* How say you Gentlemen, is it not as I told you?

*Wife.* Nay Gentlemen, hee hath playd before, my husband sayes, *Musidorus* before the Wardens of our Company.

*Cit.* I, and hee should haue playd *Ieronimo* with a Shoomaker for a wager.

*Pro.* He shall haue a suite of apparrell if he will go in.

*Cit.* In *Rafe*, in *Rafe*, and set out the Grocery in their kinde, if thou lou'st me.

*Wife.* I warrant our *Rafe* will looke finely when hee's dreest.

*Pro.* But what will you haue it cal'd?

*Cit.* *The Grocers honour.*

*Pro.* Me thinks *The Knight of the burning Pestle* were better.

*Wif.* Il'e be ſworn husband, thats as good a name as can be.

*Cit.* Let it be ſo, begin, begin, my wife and I wil ſit downe.

*Pro.* I pray you do.

*Cit.* What ſtately muſike haue you? you haue ſhawmes.

*Pro.* Shawnes? no.

*Cit.* No? Im'e a thiefe if my minde did not giue me ſo. *Raſe* playes a ſtately part, and he muſt needs haue ſhawnes: Il'e be at the charge of them my ſelfe, rather then wee'l be without them. *Pro.* So you are like to be.

*Cit.* Why and ſo I will be: ther's two ſhillings, let's haue the waits of South-warke, they are as rare fellowes as any are in England; and that will fetch them all or'e the water with a vengeance, as if they were mad.

*Pro.* you ſhall haue them: will you ſit downe then?

*Cit.* I, come wife.

*Wife.* Sit you merry all Gentlemen, Im'e bold to ſit amongſt you for my eaſe.

*Pro.* From all that's neere the Court, from all that's great.
Within the compaſſe of the Citty-walles,
We now haue brought our Sceane: flye farre from hence
All priuate taxes, immodeſt phraſes,
What ere may but ſhew like vicious:
For wicked mirth neuer true pleaſure brings,
But honeſt minds are pleas'd with honeſt things.
Thus much for that we do: but for *Rafes* part
You muſt anſwere for your ſelfe.

*Cit.* Take you no care for *Raſe*, hee'l diſcharge himſelfe I warrant you.

*Wife.* I faith Gentlemen Il'e giue my word for *Raſe*.

## Actus primi, Scœna prima.

*Enter Marchant, and Iaſper his Prentice.*

*March.* Sirrah, Il'e make you know you are my Prentice,
And whom my charitable loue redeem'd
Euen from the fall of fortune, gaue thee heate

And growth, to be what now thou art, new cast thee,
Adding the trust of all I haue at home,
In forren Staples, or vpon the Sea
To thy direction, ti'de the good opinions
Both of my selfe and friends to thy endeauours,
So faire were thy beginnings, but with these,
As I remember, you had neuer charge,
To loue your Maisters daughter, and euen then,
When I had found a wealthy husband for her,
I take it, sir, you had not; but how euer,
I'le breake the necke of that commission,
And make you know you are but a Merchants Factor.

*Iasp.* Sir, I do liberally confesse I am yours,
Bound, both by loue and duty, to your seruice,
In which, my labour hath bene all my profit;
I haue not lost in bargaine, nor delighted
To weare your honest gaines vpon my backe,
Nor haue I giuen a pencion to my bloud,
Or lauishly in play consum'd your stocke.
These, and the miseries that do attend them,
I dare, with innocence, proclaime are strangers
To all my temperate actions; for your daughter,
If there be any loue, to my deseruings,
Borne by her vertuous selfe, I cannot stop it?
Nor, am I able to refraine her wishes.
She's priuate to her selfe and best of knowledge,
Whom she'le make so happy as to sigh for.
Besides, I cannot thinke you meane to match her,
Vnto a fellow of so lame a presence,
One that hath little left of *Nature* in him.

*Mar.* 'Tis very well sir, I can tell your wisedome
How all this shall bee cur'd. *Iasp.* Your care becomes you.

*March.* And thus it must be sir, I heere discharge you
My house and seruice, take your liberty,
And when I want a sonne I'le send for you. *Exit.*

*Iasp.* These be the faire rewards of them that loue.
O you that liue in freedome neuer proue.

The trauell of a mind led by desire. *Enter Luce.*

*Luce.* Why, how now friend, struck with my fathers thun-
*Iasp.* Strucke and strucke dead vnlesse the remedy (der?
Be full of speede and vertue; I am now,
What I expected long, no more your fathers.
*Luce.* But mine. *Iasp.* But yours, and onely yours I am,
That's all I haue to keepe mee from the Statute,
You dare be constant still. *Luce.* O feare me not,
In this I dare be better then a woman.
Nor shall his anger, nor his offers moue me,
Were they both equall to a Princes power.
*Iasp.* You know my riuall? *Luce.* Yes and loue him deerly
Euen as I loue an ague, or foule weather,
I prethee *Iasper* feare him not. *Iasp.* O no,
I do not meane to do him so much kindnesse,
But to our owne desires, you know the plot
We both agreed on. *Luce.* Yes, and will performe
My part exactly. *Iasp.* I desire no more,
Fare-well, and keepe my heart, 'tis yours. *Luce.* I take it,
He must do miracles makes me forsake it. *Exeunt.*

*Cittiz.* Fye vpon am little infidels, what a matters here now? well, I'le be hang'd for a halfe-penny, if there be not some abomination knauery in this Play, well, let 'em looke toot, *Rafe* must come, and if there be any tricks a brewing,—

*Wife.* Let 'em brew and bake too husband, a Gods name, *Rafe* will find all out I warrant you, and they were older then they are, I pray my pretty youth is *Rafe* ready.

*Boy.* He will be presently.

*Wife.* Now I pray you make my commendations vnto him, and withall carry him this sticke of Licoras, tell him his Mistresse sent it him, and bid him bite a peece, 'twill open his pipes the better, say.

*Enter Marchant, and Maister Humfery.*

*Mar.* Come sir, shee's yours, vpon my faith she's yours
You haue my hand, for other idle lets
Betweene your hopes and her, thus, with a wind
They are scattered and no more: my wanton Prentice,

That

That like a bladder, blew himselfe with loue,
I haue let out, and sent him to discouer
New Maisters yet vnknowne. *Humf.* I thanke you sir,
Indeed I thanke you sir, and ere I stir
It shall bee knowne, how euer you do deeme,
I am of gentle bloud and gentle seeme.

*March.* O sir, I know it certaine. *Humf.* Sir my friend,
Although, as Writers say, all things haue end,
And that we call a pudding, hath his two
O let it not seeme strange I pray to you,
If in this bloudy simile, I put
My loue, more endlesse, then fraile things or gut.

*Wife.* Husband, I prethee sweete lambe tell me one thing,
But tell mee truely: stay youths I beseech you, till I question my husband. *Citiz.* What is it mouse?

*Wife.* Sirrah, didst thou euer see a prettier child? how it behaues it selfe, I warrant yee, and speakes, and lookes, and pearts vp the head? I pray you brother, with your fauor, were you neuer none of M. *Monkesters* schollars?

*Cit.* Chicken, I prethee heartely containe thy selfe, the childer are pretty childer, but when *Rafe* comes, Lambe.

*Wife.* I when *Rafe* comes conny; well my youth, you may

*Mar.* Wel sir, you know my loue, and rest, I hope, (proceed
Assur'd of my consent, get but my daughters,
And wed her when you please; you must be bold,
And clap in close vnto her, come, I know
You haue language good enough to win a wench.

*Wife.* A whoreson tyrant has ben an old stringer in's daies I warrant him. *Humf.* I take your gentle offer and withall
Yeeld loue againe for loue reciprocall. *Enter Luce.*

*Mar.* What *Luce* within there. *Lu.* Cal'd you sir? *Mar.* I did.
Giue entertainement to this Gentleman
And see you bee not froward: to her sir,
My presence will but bee an eye-soare to you. *Exit.*

*Humf.* Faire Mistresse *Luce*, how do you, are you well?
Giue me your hand and then I pray you tell,
How doth your little sister, and your brother?

And

And whether you loue me or any other.

*Luce.* Sir, these are quickely answered. *Humf.* So they
Where women are not cruel: but how farre (are.
Is it now distant from this place we are in,
Vnto that blessed place your fathers warren.

*Luce.* What makes you thinke of that sir?

*Humf.* Euen that face
For stealing Rabbets whilome in that place,
God *Cupid*, or the Keeper, I know not whether
Vnto my cost and charges brought you thither,
And there began. *Luce.* Your game sir. *Humf.* Let no game,
Or any thing that tendeth to the same.
Bee euermore remembred, thou faire killer
For whom I sate me downe and brake my Tiller.

*Wife.* There's a kind Gentleman, I warrant you, when will you do as much for me *George*?

*Luce.* Beshrew me sir, I am sorry for your losses,
But as the prouerbe saies, I cannot cry,
I would you had not seene me. *Humf.* So would I.
Vnlesse you had more maw to do me good.

*Luce.* Why, cannot this strange passion be withstood,
Send for a Constable and raise the Towne.

*Humf.* O no, my valiant loue will batter downe
Millions of Constables, and put to flight,
Euen that great watch of Mid-summer day at night.

*Luce.* Beshrew me sir, 'twere good I yeelded then,
Weake women cannot hope, where valiant men
Haue no resistance. *Humf.* Yeeld then, I am full
Of pitty, though I say it, and can pull
Out of my pocket, thus, a paire of gloues,
Looke *Lucy*, looke, the dogs tooth, nor the Doues
Are not so white as these; and sweete they bee,
And whipt about with silke, as you may see.
If you desire the price, sute from your eie,
A beame to this place, and you shall espie
*F.S.* which is to say, my sweetest hony,
They cost me three and two pence, or no mony.

*Luce.*

*Luce.* Well sir, I take them kindly, and I thanke you;
What would you more? *Hum.* Nothing. *Luce.* Why then
*Humf.* Nor so, nor so, for Lady I must tell, (fare-well.
Before we part, for what we met together,
God grant me time, and patience, and faire weather.
*Luce.* Speake and declare your minde in termes so briefe.
*Humf.* I shall, then first and formost for reliefe
I call to you, I if that you can affoord it,
I care not at what price, for on my word, it
Shall be repaid againe, although it cost me
More then I'le speake of now, for loue hath tost me,
In furious blanket like a Tennis ball,
And now I rise aloft, and now I fall.
*Luce.* Alas good Gentleman, alas the day.
*Humf.* I thanke you hartely, and as I say,
Thus do I still continue without rest,
I'th' morning like a man, at night a beast,
Roaring and bellowing myne owne disquiet;
That much I feare, forsaking of my diet,
Will bring me presently to that quandary,
I shall bid all adeiw: *Luce.* Now by S. *Mary*
That were great pitty. *Hum.* So it were beshrew me,
Then ease me lusty *Luce*, and pitty shew me.
*Luce.* Why sir, you know my will is nothing worth
Without my fathers grant, get his consent,
And then you may with assurance try me.
*Humf.* The Worshipfull your sire will not deny me.
For I haue askt him, and he hath repli'd,
Sweete Maister *Humfrey*, *Luce* shall be thy Bride.
*Luce.* Sweete Maister *Humfrey* then I am content.
*Humf.* And so am I intruth. *Luce.* Yet take me with you,
There is another clause must be annext,
And this it is, I swore and will performe it;
No man shall euer ioy me as his wife
But he that stole me hence, if you dare venter
I am yours; you need not feare, my father loues you,
If not farewell for euer. *Humf.* Stay Nimph, staie,

I haue a double Gelding coulored bay,
Sprung by his father from Barbarian kind,
Another for my selfe, though somewhat blind,
Yet true as trusty tree. *Luce.* I am satisfied,
And so I giue my hand, our course must lie
Through *Waltham* Forrest, where I haue a friend
Will entertaine vs, so fare-well sir *Humfrey*, *Exit Luce.*
And thinke vpon your businesse. *Humf.* Though I die,
I am resolu'd to venter life and lim,
For one so yong, so faire, so kind, so trim. *Exit Humfrey.*

*Wife.* By my faith and troth *George*, and as I am vertuous, it is e'ne the kindest yong man that euer trod on shooe leather, well, go thy waies if thou hast her not, 'tis not thy fault 'faith.

*Cit.* I prethee mouse be patient, a shall haue her, or i'le make some 'em smoake for't.

*Wife.* That's my good lambe *George*, fie, this stinking Tobacco kils men, would there were none in *England*, now I pray Gentlemen, what good does this stinking Tobacco? do you nothing, I warrant you make chimnies a your faces: o husband, husband, now, now, there's *Rafe*, there's *Rafe*.

*Enter Rafe like a Grocer in's shop, with two Prentices Reading Palmerin of England.*

*Cit.* Peace foole, let *Rafe* alone, harke you *Rafe*; doe not straine your selfe too much at the first, peace, begin *Rafe*.

*Rafe.* Then *Palmerin* and *Trineus* snatching their Launces from their Dwarfes, and clasping their Helmets gallopt amaine after the Gyant, and *Palmerin* hauing gotten a sight of him, came posting amaine, saying: Stay trayterous thiefe, for thou maist not so carry away her, that is worth the greatest Lord in the world, and with these words gaue him a blow on the shoulder, that he stroake him besides his Elephant, and *Trineus* comming to the Knight that had *Agricola* behind him, set him soone besides his horse, with his necke broken in the fall, so that the Princesse getting out of the throngе; betweene ioy and griefe said; all happy Knight, the mirror of all such as follow Armes, now may I bee well assured of

the

the loue thou beareſt me, I wonder why the Kings doe not raiſe an army of foureteene or fifteene hundred thouſand men, as big as the Army that the Prince of *Portigo* brought againſt *Rocicler*, & deſtroy theſe Giants, they do much hurt to wandring Damſels, that go in queſt of their Knights.

*Wife.* Faith husband and *Rafe* ſaies true, for they ſay the King of *Portugall* cannot ſit at his meate, but the Giants & the Ettins will come and ſnatch it from him,

*Cit.* Hold thy tongue, on *Rafe.*

*Rafe.* And certainely thoſe Knights are much to be commended, who neglecting their poſſeſſions, wander with a Squire and a Dwarfe through the Deſarts to relieue poore Ladies.

*Wife.* I by my faith are they *Rafe*, let 'em ſay what they will, they are indeed, our Knights neglect their poſſeſſions well enough, but they do not the reſt.

*Rafe.* There are no ſuch courteous and faire well ſpoken Knights in this age, they will call one the ſonne of a whore, that *Palmerin* of England, would haue called faire ſir; and one that *Roſicler* would haue cal'd right beauteous Damſell, they will call dam'd bitch.

*Wife.* I'le be ſworne will they *Rafe*, they haue cal'd mee ſo an hundred times about a ſcuruy pipe of Tobacco.

*Rafe.* But what braue ſpirit could be content to ſit in his ſhop with a flappet of wood and a blew apron before him ſelling *Methridatum* and *Dragons water* to viſited houſes, that might purſue feats of Armes, & through his noble atchieuements procure ſuch a famous hiſtory to be written of his heroicke proweſſe.

*Cit.* Well ſaid *Rafe*, ſome more of thoſe words *Rafe.*

*Wife.* They go finely by my troth.

*Rafe.* Why ſhould not I then purſue this courſe, both for the credit of my ſelfe and our Company, for amongſt all the worthy bookes of Atchieuements I doe not call to minde that I yet read of a Grocer Errant, I will be the ſaid Knight, haue you heard of any that hath wandred vnfurniſhed of his Squire and Dwarfe, my elder Prentice

*Tim* shall be my trusty Squire, and little *George* my Dwarfe. Hence my blew Aporne, yet in remembrance of my former Trade, vpon my shield shall be pourtraide a burning Pestle, and I will be cal'd the *Knight of the burning Pestle.*

*Wife.* Nay, I dare sweare thou wilt not forget thy old Trade, thou wert euer medling. *Rafe, Tim.*

*Tim.* Anon.

*Rafe.* My beloued Squire, & *George* my Dwarfe, I charge you that from hence-forth you neuer call me by any other name, but the *Right Courteous and Valiant Knight of the burning Pestle*, and that you neuer call any female by the name of a woman or wench, but faire Ladie, if she haue her desires, if not distressed Damsell, that you call all Forrests & Heaths Desarts, and all horses Palfries.

*Wife.* This is very fine, faith, do the Gentlemen like *Rafe*, thinke you, husband?

*Citiz.* I, I warrant thee, the Plaiers would giue all the shooes in their shop for him.

*Rafe.* My beloued Squire *Tim*, stand out, admit this were a Desart, and ouer it a Knight errant pricking, and I should bid you inquire of his intents, what would you say?

*Tim.* Sir, my Maister sent me, to know whether your are riding?

*Rafe.* No, thus; faire sir, the *Right Courteous and Valiant Knight of the burning Pestle*, commanded me to enquire, vpon what aduenture your are bound, whether to relieue some distressed Damsels, or otherwise.

*Cit.* Whoresome blocke-head cannot remember.

*Wife.* I'faith, & *Rafe* told him on't before, all the Gentlemen heard him, did he not Gentlemen, did not *Rafe* tel him on't?

*George. Right Courteous and Valiant Knight of the burning Pestle*, here is a distressed Damsell, to haue a halfe penny-worth of pepper.

*Wife.* That's a good boy, see, the little boy can hit it, by my troth it's a fine child.

*Rafe.* Relieue her with all courteous language, now shut vp shoppe, no more my Prentice, but my trusty

Squire

Squire and Dwarfe, I must bespeake my shield and arming-pestle.

*Cit.* Go thy waies *Rafe*, as Im'e a true man, thou art the best on 'em all.

*Wife. Rafe, Rafe.*

*Rafe.* What say you mistresse?

*Wife.* I pre'thee come againe quickly sweet *Rafe.*

*Rafe.* By and by. *Exit Rafe.*

*Enter Iasper, and his mother mistresse Merri-thought.*

*Mist. merri.* Giue thee my blessing? No, Il'e ner'e giue thee my blessing, Il'e see thee hang'd first; it shall ner'e bee said I gaue thee my blessing, th'art thy fathers owne sonne, of the right bloud of the *Merri-thoughts*, I may curse the time that er'e I knew thy father, he hath spent all his owne, and mine too, and when I tell him of it, he laughes and dances, and sings, and cryes, *A merry heart liues long-a.* And thou art a wast-thrift, and art run away from thy maister, that lou'd thee well, and art come to me, and I haue laid vp a little for my yonger sonne *Michael*, and thou think'st to bezell that, but thou shalt neuer be able to do it. Come hither *Michael*, come *Michael*, downe on thy knees, thou shalt haue my blessing. *Enter Michael.*

*Mich.* I pray you mother pray to God to blesse me.

*Mist. merri.* God blesse thee: but *Iasper* shal neuer haue my blessing, he shall be hang'd first, shall hee not *Michael*? how saist thou?

*Mich.* Yes forsooth mother and grace of God.

*Mist. merri.* That's a good boy.

*Wife.* I faith it's a fine spoken child.

*Iasp.* Mother, though you forget a parents loue,
I must preserue the duty of a child.
I ran not from my maister, nor returne
To haue your stocke maintaine my Idlenesse.

*Wife.* Vngracious childe I warrant him, harke how hee chops logicke with his mother: thou hadst best tell her she lyes, do tell her she lyes.

*Cit.* If hee were my sonne, I would hang him vp by the

he eles, and flea him, and salt him, whoore-sonne halter-sacke.

*Iasp.* My comming onely is to begge your loue,
Which I must euer, though I neuer gaine it,
And howsoeuer you esteeme of me,
There is no drop of bloud hid in these veines,
But I remember well belongs to you
That brought me forth, and would be glad for you
To rip them all againe, and let it out.

*Mist. merri.* I faith I had sorrow enough for thee (God knowes) but Il'e hamper thee well enough: get thee in thou vagabond, get thee in, and learne of thy brother *Michael*.

*Old merri. within.* Nose, nose, iolly red nose, and who gaue thee this iolly red nose?

*Mist. merri.* Harke, my husband hee's singing and hoiting,
And Im'e faine to carke and care, and all little enough.
Husband, *Charles, Charles Merithought.*

*Enter old Merithought.*

*Old merri.* Nutmegs and Ginger, Cinnamon and Cloues,
And they gaue me this iolly red Nose.

*Mist. merri.* If you would consider your state, you would haue little list to sing, I-wisse.

*Old merri.* It should neuer bee considered while it were an estate, if I thought it would spoyle my singing.

*Mist. merri.* But how wilt thou do *Charles*, thou art an old man, and thou canst not worke, and thou hast not fortie shillings left, and thou eatest good meat, and drinkest good drinke, and laughest?

*Old merri.* And will do:

*Mist. merri.* But how wilt thou come by it *Charles*?

*Old merri.* How? why how haue I done hitherto this forty yeares? I neuer came into my dining roome, but at eleuen & six a clocke, I found excellent meat and drinke a'th table, my clothes were neuer worne out, but next morning a Taylor brought me a new suit; and without question it will be so euer: vse makes perfectnesse. If all should faile, it is but a little straining

straining my selfe extraordinary, & laugh my selfe to death.

*Wife.* It's a foolish old man this: is not he *George?*

*Cit.* Yes Cunny.

*Wife.* Giue me a peny i'th purse while I liue *George.*

*Cit.* I by Ladie cunnie, hold thee there.

*Mist. merri.* Well *Charles*, you promis'd to prouide for *Iasper*, and I haue laid vp for *Michael*, I pray you pay *Iasper* his portion, hee's come home, and hee shall not consume *Michaels* flocke: he saies his maister turnd him away, but I promise you truly, I thinke he ran away.

*Wife.* No indeed mistresse *Merrithought*, though he bee a notable gallowes, yet Il'e assure you his maister did turne him away, euen in this place 'twas I'faith within this halfe houre, about his daughter, my husband was by.

*Cit.* Hang him rougue, he seru'd him well enough: loue his maisters daughter! by my troth Cunnie if there were a thousand boies, thou wouldst spoile them all with taking their parts, let his mother alone with him.

*Wife.* I *George*, but yet truth is truth.

*Old merri.* Where is *Iasper*, hee's welcome how euer, call him in, hee shall haue his portion, is he merry?

*Enter Iasper and Michael.*

*Mist. merri.* I foule chiue him, he is too merrie. *Iasper*, *Michael.*

*Old merri.* Welcome *Iasper*, though thou runst away, welcome, God blesse thee: 'tis thy mothers minde thou should'st receiue thy portion; thou hast beene abroad, and I hope hast learn'd experience enough to gouerne it, thou art of sufficient yeares, hold thy hand: one, two, three, foure, fiue, sixe, seuen, eight, nine, there's ten shillings for thee, thrust thy selfe into the world with that, and take some setled course, if fortune crosse thee, thou hast a retiring place, come home to me, I haue twentie shillings left, bee a good husband, that is, weare ordinary clothes, eate the best meate, and drinke the best drinke, bee merrie, and giue to the poore, and beleeue me, thou hast no end of thy goods.

*Iasp.* Long may you liue free from all thought of ill,
And long haue cause to be thus merry still.
But father?

*Old merri.* No more words *Iasper*, get thee gone, thou hast my blessing, thy fathers spirit vpon thee. Farewell *Iasper*, but yet or ere you part (oh cruell!) kisse me, kisse me sweeting, mine owne deere iewell: So, now begone; no words. *Exit Iasper.*

*Mist. mer.* So *Michael*, now get thee gone too.

*Mich.* Yes forsooth mother, but Ile haue my fathers blessing first.

*Mist. mer.* No *Michael*, 'tis now matter for his blessing, thou hast my blessing, begone; Ile fetch my money & iewels, and follow thee: Ile stay no longer with him I warrant thee, truly *Charles* Ile begone too.

*Old merri.* What you will not.

*Mist. merri.* Yes indeed will I.

*Old merri.* Hey ho, fare-well *Nan*, Ile neuer trust wench more againe, if I can.

*Mist. merri.* You shall not thinke (when all your owne is gone) to spend that I haue beene scraping vp for *Michael.*

*Old merri.* Farewell good wife, I expect it not; all I haue to doe in this world, is to bee merry: which I shall, if the ground be not taken from me: and if it be,
When earth and seas from me are reft,
The skyes aloft for me are left. *Exeunt.*

*Boy danceth. Musicke.* *Finis Actus primi.*

*Wife.* Ile be sworne hee's a merry old Gentleman for all that. Harke, harke husband, harke, fiddles, fiddles; now surely they go finely. They say, 'tis present death for these fidlers to tune their Rebeckes before the great Turkes grace, is't not *George*? But looke, looke, here's a youth dances: now good youth do a turne a'th toe, sweet heart, I'faith Ile haue *Rafe* come and do some of his Gambols; hee'l ride the wild mare Gentlemen, 'twould do your hearts good to see him. I thanke you kinde youth, pray bid *Rafe* come.

*Cit.*

*Cit.* Peace Cunnie. Sirrah, you scuruie boy, bid the plaiers send *Rafe*, or by Gods ——and they do not, Il'e teare some of their periwigs beside their heads: this is all Riffe Raffe.

## Actus secundi Scœna prima.

*Enter Merchant and Humphrey.*

*March.* And how faith? how goes it now son *Humphrey*?

*Humph.* Right worshipfull, and my beloued friend
And father deere, this matters at an end.

*March.* 'Tis well, it should be so, Im'e glad the girle
Is found so tractable. *Humph.* Nay she must whirle
From hence, and you must winke: for so I say,
The storie tels, to morrow before day.

*Wife. George*, do'st thou thinke in thy conscience now 'twil be a match? tell me but what thou think'st sweet rogue, thou seest the poore Gentleman (deere heart) how it labours and throbs I warrant you, to be at rest: Il'e goe moue the father soit.

*Cit.* No, no, I pre'thee sit still heny-suckle, thoul't spoile all, if he deny him, Il'e bring halfe a dozē good fellows my selfe, & in the shutting of an euening knock't vp, & ther's an end.

*Wife.* Il'e busse thee for that i'faith boy; well *George*, well, you haue beene a wag in your daies I warrant you: but God forgiue you, and I do with all my heart.

*March.* How was it sonne? you told me that to morrow
Before day breake, you must conuey her hence.

*Humph.* I must, I must, and thus it is agreed,
Your daughter rides vpon a browne-bay steed,
I on a sorrell, which I bought of *Brian*,
The honest Host of the red roaring Lion
In *Waltham* situate: then if you may
Consent in seemely sort, lest by delay,
The fatall sisters come and do the office,
And then you'l sing another song. *March.* Alasse
Why should you be thus full of griefe to me?
That do as willing as your selfe agree

To any thing so it be good and faire,
Then steale her when you will, if such a pleasure
Content you both, I'le sleepe and neuer see it,
To make your ioyes more full, but tell me why
You may not here performe your marriage?

*Wife.* Gods blessing a thy soule old man, i'faith thou art loath to part true hearts, I see, a has her *Georg*, & I'me as glad on't, well, go thy waies *Humphrey*, for a faire spoken man, I beleeue thou hast not thy fellow within the wals of *London*, & I should say the Suburbes too, I should not lie, why dost not reioyce with me *George*? (mine Host i'faith.

*Cit.* If I could but see *Raph* againe, I were as merry as

*Hum.* The cause you seeme to aske, I thus declare,
Helpe me ô Muses nine, your daughter sweare
A foolish oath, the more it was the pitty,
Yet none but my selfe within this Citty,
Shall dare to say so, but a bold defiance
Shall meete him, were he of the noble Science.
And yet she sweare, and yet why did she sweare?
Truely I cannot tell, vnlesse it were
For her owne ease, for sure sometimes an oath,
Being sworne thereafter is like cordiall broth.
And this it was shee swore, neuer to marry,
But such a one, whose mighty arme could carry
(As meaning me, for I am such a one)
Her bodily away through sticke and stone,
Till both of vs arriue, at her request,
Some ten miles off, in the wilde *Waltham* Forrest.

*March.* If this be all, you shall not need to feare
Any deniall in your loue, proceed,
I'le neither follow, nor repent the deed.

*Hum.* Good-night, twenty good-nights, & twenty more.
And 20 more good-nights, that makes three-score. *Exeũt.*

*Enter mistresse Mery-thought, and her son Michael.*

*Mist.mer.* Come *Michael*, art thou not weary boy?

*Mich.* No for-sooth mother not I.

*Mist.mer.* Where be we now child?

*Mich.*

*Mich.* Indeed for-sooth mother I cannot tell, vnlesse we be at Mile-end, is not all the world Mile-end, Mother?

*Mist.mer.* No *Michael*, not al the world boy, but I can assure thee *Michael*, Mile-end is a goodly matter, there has bene a pitch-field my child betweene the naughty *Spaniels* and the *English-men*, and the *Spaniels* ran away *Michael*, and the *English-men* followed, my neighbour *Coxstone* was there boy, and kil'd them all with a birding peece. *Mich.* Mother forsooth.

*Mist.mer.* What saies my white boy?

*Mich.* Shall not my father go with vs too?

*Mist.mer.* No *Michael*, let thy father go snicke-vp, he shall neuer come between a paire of sheets with me againe, while he liues, let him stay at home & sing for his supper boy, come child sit downe, and I'le shew my boy fine knacks indeed, look here *Michael* here's a Ring, and here's a Bruch, & here's a Bracelet, and here's two Rings more, and here's mony and gold bi'th eie my boy. *Mich.* Shall I haue all this mother?

*Mist.mer.* I *Michael* thou shalt haue all *Michael*.

*Cit.* How lik'st thou this wench?

*Wife.* I cannot tell, I would haue *Raph*, *George*; I'le see no more else indeed-law, & I pray you let the youths vnderstand so much by word of mouth, for I tell you truely, I'me afraid a my boy, come, come *George*, let's be merry and wise, the child's a father-lesse child, and say they should put him into a streight paire of Gaskins, 'twere worse then knot-grasse, he would neuer grow after it. *Enter Raph, Squire, and Dwarfe.*

*Cit.* Here's *Raph*, here's *Raph*.

*Wife.* How do you *Raph*? you are welcome *Raph*, as I may say, it's a good boy, hold vp thy head, and be not afraid, we are thy friends *Raph*, the Gentlemen will praise thee *Raph*, if thou plaist thy part with audacity, begin *Raph* a Gods name.

*Raph.* My trusty Squire vnlace my Helme, giue mee my hat, where are we, or what Desart may this be?

*Dwarfe.* Mirrour of Knight-hood, this is, as I take it, the perrilous Waltham downe, In whose bottome stands the inchanted Valley.

*Mist.mer.* O *Michael*, we are betrai'd, we are betraid here

be Gyants, flie boy, flie boy, flie. *Exeūt mother & Michael.*

*Rafe.* Lace on my helme againe: what noise is this?
A gentle Ladie flying? the imbrace
Of some vncurteous knight, I will releiue her.
Go squire, and say, the Knight that weares this pestle,
In honour of all Ladies, sweares reuenge
Vpon that recreant coward that pursues her.
Go comfort her, and that same gentle squire
That beares her companie. *Squire.* I go braue Knight.

*Rafe.* My trustie Dwarfe and friend, reach me my shield,
And hold it while I sweare: First by my knight-hood,
Then by the soule of *Amadis de Gaule*,
My famous Ancestor, then by my sword,
The beauteous *Brionella* girt about me,
By this bright burning pestle of mine honour,
The liuing Trophie, and by all respect
Due to distressed Damsels, here I vow
Neuer to end the quest of this faire Lady,
And that forsaken squire, till by my valour
I gaine their liberty. *Dwarf.* Heauen blesse the Knight
That thus releiues poore errant Gentlewomen. *Exit.*

*Wife.* I marrie *Rafe*, this has some sauour in't, I would see the proudest of them all offer to carrie his bookes after him. But *George*, I will not haue him go away so soone, I shall be sicke if he go away, that I shall; Call *Rafe* againe *George*, call *Rafe* againe, I pre'thee sweet heart let him come fight before me, and let's ha some drums, and some trumpets, and let him kill all that comes neere him, and thou lou'st me *George*.

*Cit.* Peace a little bird, hee shall kill them all and they were twentie more on 'em then there are. *Enter Iasper.*

*Iasp.* Now Fortune, if thou bee'st not onely ill,
Shew me thy better face, and bring about
Thy desperate wheele, that I may clime at length
And stand, this is our place of meeting,
If loue haue any constancie. Oh age!
Where onely wealthy men are counted happie:
How shall I please thee? how deserue thy smiles?

When

When I am onely rich in misery?
fathers blessing, and this little coine
heritance, a strong renenew,
earth thou art, and to the earth I giue thee,
grow and multiply, whilst fresher aire, *spies the casket.*
me a fresher fortune, how, illusion!
at hath the Diuell coin'd himselfe before me?
mettle good, it rings well, I am waking,
taking too I hope, now Gods deere blessing
Vpon his heart that left it here, 'tis mine,
These pearles, I take it, were not left for swine. *Exit.*

*VVife.* I do not like that this vnthrifty youth should embecill away the money, the poore Gentlewoman his mother will haue a heauy heart for it God knowes.

*Cittiz.* And reason good, sweet heart.

*VVife.* But let him go, I'le tell *Raph* a tale in's eare shall fetch him againe with a Wanion I warrant him, if hee bee aboue ground; and besides *George*, heere are a number of sufficient Ge[n]t witnesse, and my selfe, and your self[f] cal'd in question, but here's

[m]alt here him speake, an he were

[h]all.

*Enter Rafe and Dwarfe.*

*Raph.* Comes not sir Squire againe?

*Dwar.* Right courteous Knight,
Your Squire doth come and with him comes the Lady,

*Enter mistresse Merr: and Michael, and Squire.*

For and the Squire of Damsels as I take it.

*Rafe.* Madam if any seruice or deuoire
Of a poore errant Knight may right your wrongs,
Command it, I am prest to giue you succour,
For to that holy end I beare my Armour,

*Mist.mer.* Alas sir, I am a poore Gentlewoman, and I haue lost my monie in this forrest.

*Rafe.* Desart, you would say Lady, and not lost
Whilst I haue sword and launce, dry vp your teares
Which ill befits the beauty of that face:

And tell the storie, if I may request it,
Of your disasterous fortune.

*Mist.mer.* Out alas, I left a thousand pound, a thousand pound, e'ne all the monie I had laid vp for this youth, vpon the sight of your Maistership, you lookt so grim, and as I may say it, sauing your presence, more like a Giant then a mortall man.

*Rafe.* I am as you are Ladie, so are they
All mortall, but why weepes this gentle Squire.

*Mist.mer.* Has hee not cause to weepe doe you thinke, when he hath lost his inheritance?

*Rafe.* Yong hope of valour, weepe not, I am here
That will confound thy foe and paie it deere
Vpon his coward head, that dares denie,
Distressed Squires and Ladies equitie.
I haue but one horse, on which shall ride
This Ladie faire behind me, and before
This courteous Squire, fortune will giue vs more
Vpon our next aduenture; fairelie speed
Beside vs Squire and Dwarfe to doo vs [illegible] *Exeunt.*

*Cit.* Did not I tell you *Nel* what your man would doe? by the faith of my bodie wench, for cleane action and good deliuerie they may all cast their caps at him.

*Wife.* And so they may i'faith, for I dare speake it boldly, the twelue Companies of *London* cannot match him, timber for timber, well *George*, and hee be not inueigled by some of these paltrie Plaiers, I ha much maruell, but *George* wee ha done our parts if the boy haue any grace to be thankefull.

*Cittiz.* Yes I warrant thee duckling.

*Enter Humphrey and Luce.*

*Hum.* Good Mistresse *Luce* how euer I in fault am
For your lame horse; you're welcome vnto *Waltham*.
But which way now to go or what to saie
I know not truely till it be broad daie.

*Luce.* O feare not Maister *Humphrey*, I am guide
For this place good enough. *Hum.* Then vp and ride,
Or if it please you walke for your repose,

Or

Or sit, or if you will go plucke a rose:
Either of which shall be indifferent,
To your good friend and *Humphrey*, whose content
Is so entangled euer to your will,
As the poore harmelesse horse is to the Mill.

*Luce.* Faith and you say the word we'le e'ne sit downe
And take a nap. *Hum.* 'Tis better in the Towne,
Where we may nap together, for beleeue me
To sleepe without a snatch would mickle grieue me.

*Luce.* You're merrie Maister *Humphrey*. *Hum.* So I am,
And haue bene euer merrie from my Dam.

*Luce.* Your nurse had the lesse labour.

*Hum.* Faith it may bee,
Vnlesse it were by chance I did beray mee. *Enter Iasper.*

*Iasp. Luce* deere friend *Luce*. *Luce.* Heere *Iasper*.

*Iasp.* You are mine.

*Hum.* If it be so, my friend, you vse me fine,
What do you thinke I am? *Iasp.* An arrant noddie

*Hum.* A word of obloquie, now by Gods bodie,
I'le tell thy maister for I know thee well.

*Iasp.* Nay, and you be so forward for to tell,
Take that, and that, and tell him sir I gaue it,
And saie I paid you well. *Hum.* O sir I haue it,
And do confesse the paiement, praie be quiet.

*Iasp.* Go, get to your night-cap and the diet,
To cure your beaten bones. *Luce.* Alas poore *Humphrie*
Get thee some wholsome broth with sage and comfrie:
A little oile of Roses and a feather,
To noint thy backe withall. *Hum.* When I came hether,
Would I had gone to *Paris* with *John Dorrie*.

*Luce.* Fare-well my prettie Numpe, I am verie sorrie
I cannot beare thee companie. *Hum.* Fare-well,
The Diuels Dam was ne're so bang'd in hell. *Exeunt.*

*manet Humphrey.*

*Wife.* This yong *Iasper* will proue me another Things, a my conscience and he may be suffered; *George*, dost not see *George* how a swaggers, and flies at the very heads a fokes as hee

he were a Dragō; well if I do not do his lesson for wronging the poore Gentleman, I am no true woman, his friends that brought him vp might haue beno better occupied, I wis, then ha taught him these fegaries, hee's e'ne in the high-way to the gallows, God blesse him.

*Cit.* You're too bitter, conny, the yong man may do wel enough for all this.

*VVife.* Come hither Maister *Humfrey*, has hee hurt you? now beshrew his fingers for't, here sweet heart, here's some greene ginger for thee, now beshrew my heart but a has pepper-nel in's head, as big as a pullets egge, alas sweete lamb, how thy Tempels beate; take the peace on him sweete heart, take the peace on him. *Enter a boy.*

*Cit.* No, no, you talke like a foolish woman, I'le ha *Raph* fight with him, and swing him vp welfauourdlie, sirrah boie come hither, let *Raph* come in and fight with *Iasper*.

*VVife.* I, and beate him well, he's an vnhappy boy.

*Boy.* Sir you must pardon vs, the plot of our Plaie lies contrarie, and 'twill hazard the spoiling of our Plaie.

*Cit.* Plot mee no plots, I'le ha *Raph* come out, I'le make your house too hot for you else.

*Boy.* Why sir he shall, but if anie thing fall out of order, the Gentlemen must pardon vs.

*Cit.* Go your waies good-man boie, I'le hold him a pennie hee shall haue his bellie-full of fighting now, ho heere comes *Raph*, no more.

*Enter* Raph, *mistresse Merri: Michael, Squire, and Dwarfe.*

*Raph.* What Knight is that Squire, aske him if he keep
The passage, bound by loue of Ladie faire,
Or else but prickant. *Hum.* Sir I am no Knight,
But a poore Gentleman, that this same night,
Had stolne from me on yonder Greene,
My louelie wife, and suffered to be seene
Yet extant on my shoulders such a greeting,
That whilst I liue, I shall thinke of that meeting.

*VVife.* I *Raph* hee beate him vnmercifully, *Raph*, and thou spar'st him *Raph* I would thou wert hang'd.

*Cit.*

*Cit.* No more, wife no more:

*Rafe.* Where is the caitife wretch hath done this deed.
Lady your pardon, that I may proceed
Vpon the queſt of this iniurious Knight.
And thou faire Squire repute me not the worſe,
In leauing the great venture of the purſe,
And the rich casket till ſome better leaſure,

*Enter Iaſper and Luce.*

*Hum.* Here comes the Broker hath purloin'd my treaſure.

*Raph.* Go, Squire, and tell him I am here,
An Errant Knight at Armes, to craue deliuery
Of that faire Lady to her owne Knights armes.
If he deny, bid him take choice of ground,
And ſo defye him. *Squire.* From the Knight that beares
The golden Peſtle, I defie thee Knight.
Vnleſſe thou make faire reſtitution,
Of that bright Lady.

*Iaſp.* Tell the Knight that ſent thee
Hee is an Aſſe, and I will keepe the wench
And knocke his Head-peece.

*Raph.* Knight, thou art but dead,
If thou thou recall not thy vncurteous tearmes.

*VVife.* Breake's pate *Raph*, breake's pate *Raph*, ſoundly.

*Iaſper.* Come Knight, I am ready for you, now your Peſtel

*Snatches away his Peſtle.*

Shall try what temper, ſir, your Morters off
With that he ſtood vpright in his ſtirrops,
And gaue the Knight of the Calue-skinne ſuch a knocke,
That he forſooke his horſe and downe he fell,
And then he leaped vpon him and plucking of his Helmet.

*Hum.* Nay, and my noble Knight be downe ſo ſoone,
Though I can ſcarely go I needs muſt runne.

*Exit Humphery and Raph.*

*VVife.* Runne *Raph*, runne *Raph*, runne for thy life boy,
*Iaſper* come., *Iaſper* comes.

*Iaſper.* Come *Luce*, we muſt haue other Armes for you,
*Humphery* and *Golden Peſtle* both adiew. *Exeunt.*

*VVife.* Sure the diuell, God bleſſe vs, is in this Springald,

why *George*, didst euer see such a fire-drake, I am afraid my boie's miscaried, if he be, though hee were Maister *Merythoughts* sonne a thousand times, if there bee any Law in *England* I'le make some of them smart for't.

*Cit.* No, no, I haue found out the matter sweete-heart, *Iasper* is inchanted, as sure as we are heere, he is inchanted, he could no more haue stood in *Raph's* hands, then I can stand in my Lord Maiors, I'le haue a ring to discouer all inchantments, and *Raph* shall beate him yet: be no more vext for it shall be so.

*Enter Raph, Squire, Dwarfe, mistresse Mery-thoughts and Michaell.*

*Wife.* O husband heere's *Raph* againe, stay *Raph* let mee speake with thee, how dost thou *Raph*? art thou not shrodly hurt? the foule great Lungeis laid vnmercifully on thee, there's some suger-candy for thee, proceed, thou shalt haue another bout with him.

*Cit.* If *Raph* had him at the Fencing-schoole, if hee did not make a puppy of him, and driue him vp and downe the schoole he should nere come in my shop more.

*Mist.mer.* Truely Maister Knight of the *Burning Pestle* I am weary.

*Mich.* Indeed law mother and I am very hungry.

*Raph.* Take comfort gentle Dame, and you faire Squire,
For in this Desart there must needs be plac't,
Many strong Castles, held by curteous Knights,
And till I bring you safe to one of those,
I sweare by this my Order nere to leaue you.

*Wife.* Well said *Raph*, *George*, *Raph* was euer comfortable, was he not? *Cit.* Yes Ducke.

*Wife.* I shall nere forget him, when wee had lost our child, you know, it was straid almost, alone, to *Puddle-wharfe* and the Criers were abroad for it, and there it had drown'd it selfe but for a Sculler, *Raph* was the most comfortablest to me: peace Mistresse, saies he, let it go, I'le get you another as good, did he not *George*? did he not say so?

*Cit.* Yes indeed did he mouse.

*Dwarfe.*

*Dwarfe.* I would we had a messe of Pottage, and a pot of drinke, Squire, and were going to bed.

*Squire.* Why we are at *Waltham* Townes end, and that's the *Bell* Inne.

*Dwarfe.* Take courage valiant Knight, Damsel, & Squire
I haue discouered, not a stones cast off,
An ancient Castle held by the old Knight
Of the most holy order of the *Bell*,
Who giues to all Knights errant entertaine:
There plenty is of food, and all prepar'd,
By the white hands of his owne Lady deere.
He hath three Squires that welcome all his Guests.
The first high Chamberlino, who will see
Our beds prepar'd, and bring vs snowy sheetes,
Where neuer foote-man stretch'd his butter'd Hams.
The second hight *Tastero*, who will see
Our pots full filled and no froth therein.
The third a gentle Squire *Ostlero* hight,
Who will our Palfries slicke with wisps of straw,
And in the Maunger put them Oates enough,
And neuer grease their teeth with candle snuffe.

*Wife.* That same Dwarfe's a pretty boy, but the Squire's a grout-nole,

*Raph.* Knocke at the Gates my Squire with stately launce. *Enter Tapster.*

*Tap.* Who's there, you're welcome Gentlemen, will you see a roome? (Pestle,

*Dwarfe.* Right curteous and valiant Knight of the burning This is the Squire *Tapstero*.

*Raph.* Faire Squire *Tapstero*, I a wandring Knight,
Hight of the burning Pestle, in the quest
Of this faire Ladies Casket, and wrought purse,
Loosing my selfe in this vast Wildernesse
Am to this Castle well by fortune brought,
Where hearing of the goodly entertaine
Your Knight of holy Order of the *Bell*
Giues to all Damsels, and all errant Knights,

I thought to knocke, and now am bold to enter.

*Tapster.* An't please you see a chamber, you are very welcome. *Exeunt.*

*Wife.* *George* I would haue something done, and I cannot tell what it is.

*Cit.* What is't *Nel?*

*Wife.* Why *George*, shall *Raph* beate no body againe? prethee sweete-heart let him.

*Cit.* So he shall *Nel*, and if I ioyne with him, wee'le knocke them all.

*Enter Humphery and Merchant.*

*Wife.* O *George* here's maister *Humphery* againe now, that lost Mistresse *Luce*, and Mistresse *Lucies* father, Maister *Humphery* will do some-bodies errant I warrant him.

*Humf.* Father, it's true, in armes I nere shall claspe her,
For shee is stolne away by your man *Iasper*.

*Wife.* I thought he would tell him.

*March.* Vnhappy that I am to loose my child,
Now I beginne to thinke on *Iaspers* words,
Who oft hath vrg'd to me thy foolishnesse,
Why didst thou let her go? thou lousst her not,
That wouldst bring home thy life, and not bring her.

*Hum.* Father forgiue me, shall I tell you true,
Looke on my shoulders they are blacke and blew.
Whilst too and fro faire *Luce* and I were winding,
Hee came and basted me with a hedge binding.

*March.* Get men and horses straight, we will be there
Within this houre, you know the place againe.

*Hum.* I know the place, where he my loines did swaddle,
I'le get six horses, and to each a saddle.

*Mar.* Meane time I'le go talke with *Iaspers* father. *Exeunt.*

*Wife.* *George*, what wilt thou laye with mee now, that Maister *Humphery* has not Mistresse *Luce* yet, speake *George*, what wilt thou laie with me?

*Cit.* No *Nel*, I warrant thee *Iasper* is at *Puckeridge* with her, by this.

*Wife.* Nay *George*, you must consider Mistresse *Lucies*

feete

feete are tender, and, besides, 'tis darke, and I promise you truely, I doe not see how hee should get out of Wa lim forreſt with her yet.

*Cit.* Nay Cunny, what wilt thou laie with me that *Raph* has her not yet.

*Wife.* I will not lay against *Raph* hunny, because I haue not spoken with him, but looke *George*, peace, heere comes the merry old Gentleman againe.

*Enter old Merrie-thought.*

*Old mer.* When it was growne to darke midnight,
And all were fast asleepe,
In came *Margarets* grimely Ghost,
And stood at *Williams* feete.

I haue mony, and meate and drinke before hand, till to morrow at noone, why should I be sad? mee thinkes I haue halfe a dozen Iouiall spirits within mee, I am three merry men, and three merry men, To what end should any man be sad in this world? giue me a man that when hee goes to hanging cries, troule the blacke bowle to mee: and a woeman that will sing a cath in her Trauell. I haue seene a man come by my dore, with a serious face, in a blacke cloake, without a hat-band, carrying his head as if hee lookt for pinnes in the streete, I haue lookt out of my window halfe a yeare after, and haue spide that mans head vpon *London-bridge*: 'tis vile, neuer trust a Tailor that does not sing at his worke, his mind is of nothing but filching.

*Wife.* Marke this *George*, tis worth noting: *Godfrey* my Tailor, you know, neuer sings, and hee had foureteene yards to make this Gowne, and I'le be sworne Mistresse *Pennistone* the Drapers wife had one made with twelue.

*Old mer:* 'Tis mirth that fils the veines with bloud,
More then wine, or sleepe, or food.
Let each man keepe his heart at ease,
No man dies of that disease.
He that would his body keepe
From diseases, must not weepe,
But who euer laughes and sings,

Neuer he his body brings
Into feuers, gouts, or rhumes,
Or lingringly his longs consumes:
Or meets with aches in the bone,
Or Catharhes, or griping stone:
But contented liues for aye,
The more he laughes, the more he may.

*Wife.* Looke *George*, how saist thou by this *George?* is't not a fine old man? Now Gods blessing a'thy sweet lips. When wilt thou be so merry *George?* Faith thou art the frowningst little thing when thou art angry, in a Countrey.

*Enter Merchant.*

*Cit.* Peace Coney, thou shalt see him taken downe too I warrant thee; here's *Luces* father come now.

*Old mer.* As you came from *Walsingham*, frō that holy land, there met you not with my tru-loue by the way as you came

*March.* Oh Maister *Merri-thought!* my daughter's gone. This mirth becomes you not, my daughters gone.

*Old merri.* Why an if she be, what care I?
Or let her come or go, or tarry.

*March.* Mocke not my misery, it is your sonne,
Whom I haue made my owne, when all forsooke him,
Has stolne my onely ioy, my childe away. (gray,

*Old mer.* He set her on a milk-white steed, & himselfe vpō a
He neuer turn'd his face againe, but he bore her quite away.

*March.* Vnworthy of the kindnesse I haue shewn
To thee, and thine: too late I well perceiue
Thou art consenting to my daughters losse.

*Old mer.* Your daughter, what a stur's here wee yer daughter? Let her goe, thinke no more on her, but sing lowd. If both my sons were on the gallows, I would sing, *downe, down, downe*: they fall downe, and arise they neuer shall.

*March.* Oh might I behold her once againe,
And she once more embrace her aged sire.

*Old merri.* Fie, how scuruily this goes: and she once more imbrace her aged sire? you'l make a dogge on her, will yee? she cares much for her aged sire I warrant you.

She cares cares not for her daddy, nor shee cares not for her mammie,
For she is, she is, she is, she is my Lord of *Low-gaues* Lassie.

*March.* For this thy scorne, I will pursue
That sonne of thine to death.

*Old merri.* Do, and when you ha kild him,
Giue him flowers i'now Palmer: giue him flowers i'now,
Giue him red, and white, and blew, greene, and yellow.

*March.* Il'e fetch my daughter.

*Old merri.* Il'e heare no more a your daughter, it spoyles my mirth.

*March.* I say Il'e fetch my daughter.

*Old merri.* Was neuer man for Ladies sake, *downe, downe,*
Tormented as I poore sir *Guy? de derry downe,*
For *Lucies* sake, that Lady bright, *downe downe,*
As euer men beheld with eye? *de derry downe.*

*March.* Il'e be reueng'd by heauen. *Exeunt.*

*Musicke.* *Finis Actus secundi.*

*Wife.* How do'st thou like this *George*?

*Cit.* Why this is well coney: but if *Raph* were hot once, thou shouldst see more.

*Wife.* The Fidlers go againe husband.

*Cit.* I *Nell*, but this is scuruy musicke: I gaue the whoreson gallowes money, and I thinke hee has not got mee the waits of South-warke, if I heare him not anan, Il'e twinge him by the eares. You Musicians, play *Baloo.*

*Wife.* No good *George*, lets ha *Lachrimæ.*

*Cit.* Why this is it cony.

*Wife.* It's all the better *George*: now sweet lambe, what story is that painted vpon the cloth? the confutation of Saint *Paul?*

*Cit.* No lambe, that's *Raph* and *Lucrece.*

*Wife.* *Raph* and *Lucrece?* which *Raph*? our *Raph?*

*Cit.* No mouse, that was a Tartarian.

*Wife.* A Tartarian? well, I'wood the fidlers had done, that wee might see our *Raph* againe.

Actus

## Actus tertius, Scœna prima.

*Enter Iasper and Luce.*

*Iasp.* Come my deere deere, though we haue lost our way,
We haue not lost our selues: are you not weary
With this nights wandring, broken from your rest?
And frighted with the terrour that attends
The darknesse of these wilde vn-peopled place?
*Luce.* No my best friend, I cannot either feare,
Or entertaine a weary thought, whilst you
(The end of all my full desires) stand by me.
Let them that loose their hopes, and liue to languish
Amongst the number of forsaken louers,
Tell the long weary steps, and number time,
Start at a shadow, and shrinke vp their bloud,
Whilst I (possest with all content and quiet)
Thus take my prettie loue, and thus imbrace him.
*Iasp.* You haue caught me *Luce*, so fast, that whilst I liue
I shall become your faithfull prisoner,
And were these chaines for euer. Come sit downe,
And rest your body, too too delicate
For these disturbances; so, will you sleepe?
Come, do not be more able then you are,
I know you are not skilfull in these watches:
For women are no souldiers; be not nice,
But take it, sleepe I say.
*Luce.* I cannot sleepe,
Indeed I cannot friend.
*Iasp.* Why then wee'l sing,
And try how that will worke vpon our sences.
*Luce.* Il'e sing, or say, or any thing but sleepe.
*Iasp.* Come little Mer-maid, rob me of my heart
With that inchanting voyce.
*Luce.* You mocke me *Iasper.*

*Song.*

*Sung.*

Iasp. *Tell me (deerest) what is loue?*
Luce. *'Tis a lightning from aboue,*
*'Tis an arrow, 'tis a fire,*
*'Tis a boy they call desire.*
*'Tis a smile*
*Doth beguile*
Ias. *The poore hearts of men that proue.*
*Tell me more, are women true?*
Luce. *Some loue change, and so do you.*
Ias. *Are they faire, and neuer kind?*
Luce. *Yes, when men turne with the winde.*
Ias. *Are they froward?*
Luce. *Euer toward,*
*Those that loue, to loue a new.*

*Ias.* Dissemble it no more, I see the God
Of heauy sleepe, lay on his heauy mace
Vpon your eye-lids. *Luce.* I am very heauy.
*Iasp.* Sleep, sleep, & quiet rest crowne thy sweet thoughts:
Keepe from her faire bloud, distempers, startings,
Horrors, and fearefull shapes: let all her dreames
Be ioyes, and chast delights, imbraces, wishes,
And such new pleasures, as the rauisht soule
Giues to the sences. So, my charmes haue tooke,
Keepe her you powers diuine, whilst I contemplate
Vpon the wealth and beauty of her minde.
She is onely faire, and constant: onely kinde,
And onely to thee *Iasper*. Oh my ioyes!
Whither will you transport me? let not fulnesse
Of my poore buried hopes, come vp together,
And ouer-charge my spirits: I am weake
Some say (how euer ill) the sea and women
Are gouern'd by the Moone, both ebbe and flow,
Both full of changes: yet to them that know,
And truly iudge, these but opinions are,
And heresies to bring on pleasing warre

Betweene our tempers, that without these were
Both void of after-loue, and present feare.
Which are the best of *Cupid*. Oh thou child!
Bred from dispaire, I dare not entertaine thee,
Hauing a loue without the faults of women,
And greater in her perfect goods then men:
Which to make good, and please my selfe the stronger,
Though certainely I am certaine of her loue,
Il'e try her, that the world and memory
May sing to after times, her constancie.
*Luce, Luce*, awake. *Luce.* Why do you fright me, friend,
With those distempered lookes? what makes your sword
Drawne in your hand? who hath offended you?
I pre'thee *Iasper* sleepe, thou art wilde with watching.
*Iasp.* Come make your way to heauen, and bid the world
(With all the villanies that sticke vpon it)
Fare-well; you'r for another life. *Luce.* Oh *Iasper!*
How haue my tender yeares committed euill,
(Especially against the man I loue)
Thus to be cropt vntimely? *Iasp.* Foolish girle,
Canst thou imagine I could loue his daughter,
That flung me from my fortune into nothing?
Discharged me his seruice, shut the doores
Vpon my pouerty, and scorn'd my prayers,
Sending me, like a boat without a mast,
To sinke or swim? Come, by this hand you dye;
I must haue life and bloud to satisfie
Your fathers wrongs.

*Wife.* Away *George*, away, raise the watch at *Ludgate*, and bring a *Mittimus* from the Iustice for this desperate villaine. Now I charge you Gentlemen, see the Kings peace kept. O my heart what a varlet's this to offer man-slaughter vpon the harmelesse Gntlewoman?

*Cit.* I warrant thee (sweet heart) wee'l haue him hampered.

*Luce.* Oh *Iasper!* be not cruell,
If thou wilt kill me, smile and do it quickly.

And

And let not many deaths appeare before me.
I am a woman made of feare and loue,
A weake, weake woman, kill not with thy eyes,
They shoot me through and through. Strike I am ready,
And dying still I loue thee. *Enter Merchant, Humphrey, and his men.*
*March.* Where abouts.
*Iasp.* No more of this, now to my selfe againe.
*Hum.* There, there he stands with sword like martial knight
Drawne in his hand, therefore beware the fight
You that be wise: for were I good sir *Beuis*,
I would not stay his comming, by your leaues.
*March.* Sirrah, restore my daughter. *Iasp.* Sirrah, no.
*March.* Vpon him then.
*Wife.* So, downe with him, downe with him, downe with him: cut him i'th leg boies, cut him i'th leg.
*March.* Come your waies Minion, Il'e prouide a Cage
For you, your growne so tame. Horse her away.
*Humph.* Truly Ime glad your forces haue the day. *exeunt.*
*Iasp.* They are gone, and I am hurt, my loue is lost, *manet*
Neuer to get againe. Oh me vnhappy! *Iasper.*
Bleed, bleed, and dye, I cannot: Oh my folly!
Thou hast betraid me. Hope where art thou fled?
Tell me if thou bee'st any where remaining.
Shall I but see my loue againe? Oh no!
She will not daine to looke vpon her butcher,
Nor is it fit she should; yet I must venter.
Oh chance, or fortune, or what ere thou art
That men adore for powerfull, heare my cry,
And let me louing, liue; or loosing, die. *Exit.*
*Wife.* Is a gone *George*?
*Cit.* I conie.
*Wife.* Marie and let him goe (sweet heart,) by the faith a my body a has put me into such a fright, that I tremble (as they say) as 'twere an Aspine leafe: looke a my little finger *George*, how it shakes: now i truth euery member of my body is the worse for't.
*Cit.* Come, hugge in mine armes sweet mouse, hee shall

not fright thee any more: alas mine owne deere heart, how it quiuers.

*Enter Mistresse Merrithought, Rafe, Michall, Squire Dwarfe, Host, and a Tapster.*

*Wife.* O *Rafe*, how dost thou *Rafe*? how hast thou slept to night? has the knight vs'd thee well?

*Cit.* Peace *Nell*, let *Rafe* alone.

*Tapst.* Maister, the reckoning is not paid.

*Rafe.* Right curteous knight, who for the orders sake
Which thou hast tane, hang'st out the holy bell,
As I this flaming pestle beare about,
We render thankes to your puissant selfe,
Your beauteous Lady, and your gentle Squires,
For thus refreshing of our wearied limbes,
Stiffned with hard atchieuements in wilde desert.

*Tapst.* Sir, there is twelue shillings to pay.

*Rafe.* Thou merry Squire *Tapstero*, thankes to thee,
For comforting our soules with double Iug,
And if aduentrous fortune pricke thee forth,
Thou *Iouiall* Squire, to follow feats of armes,
Take heed thou tender euery Ladies cause,
Euery truery true Kuight, and euery damsell faire faire;
But spill the bloud of trecherous Sarazens,
And false inchanters, that with magicke spels,
Haue done to death full many a noble Knight.

*Host.* Thou valiant Knight of the *burning Pestle*, giue eare to me, there is twelue shillings to pay, and as I am a true Knight, I will not bate a peny.

*Wife. George*, I pray thee tell me, must *Rafe* pay twelue shillings now?

*Cit.* No *Nell*, no, nothing but the old Knight is merrie with *Rafe*.

*Wife.* O is't nothing else? *Rafe* will be as merry as he.

*Rafe.* Sir Knight, this mirth of yours becomes you well,
But to requite this liberall curtesie,
If any of your Squires will follow armes,
Hee shall receiue from my heroicke hand

A Knight-hood, by the vertue of this Pestle.

*Host.* Faire Knight I thanke you for noble offer,
Therefore gentle Knight,
Twelue shillings you must pay, or I must cap you.

*Wife.* Looke *George*, did not I tell thee as much, the Knight of the *Bel* is in earnest, *Raph* shall not bee beholding to him, giue him his money *George*, and let him go snickvp.

*Ci.* Cap *Raph*? no; hold your hand sir Knight of the *Bel*, theres your mony, haue you any thing to say to *Raph* now? Cap *Raph*?

*Wife.* I would you should know it, *Raph* has friends that will not suffer him to be capt for ten times so much, and ten times to the end of that, now take thy course *Raph*.

*M.mer.* Come *Michael*, thou & I wil go home to thy father, he hath enough left to keep vs a day or two, and we'l set fellows abrod to cry our Purse & our Casket, Shal we *Michael*?

*Mich.* I, I pray Mother, intruth my feete are full of chilblaines with trauelling.

*Wife.* Faith and those chilblanes are a foule trouble, Mistresse *Merie-thought* when your youth comes home, let him rub all the soles of his feete, and the heeles, and his ancles, with a mouse skinne, or if none of your people can catch a mouse, when hee goes to bed, let him rowle his feete in the warme embers, and I warrant you hee shall be well, and you may make him put his fingers betweene his toes & smell to them, it's very soueraigne for his head if he be costiue.

*Mist.mer.* Maister Knight of the burning Pestle, my son *Michael* and I, bid you farewel, I thanke your Worship heartily for your kindnesse.

*Raph.* Fare-well faire Lady and your tender Squire,
If, pricking through these Desarts, I do heare
Of any traiterous Knight who through his guile,
Hath light vpon your Casket and your Purse,
I will despoile him of them and restore them.

*Mist.mer.* I thanke your Worship. *Exit with Michael.*

*Raph.* Dwarfe beare my shield, Squire eleuate my lance,
And now fare-well you Knight of holy *Bell*.

*Cit.* I, I *Raph*, all is paid.

*Raph.* But yet before I go, speake worthy Knight,
If ought you do of sad aduentures know,
Where errant Knights may through his prowesse winne,
Eternall fame and free some gentle soules,
From endlesse bonds of steele and lingring paine.

*Host.* Sirrah go to *Nicke* the *Barbor*, and bid him prepare himselfe, as I told you before, quickely.

*Tap.* I am gone sir. *Exit Tapster.*

*Host.* Sir Knight, this wildernesse affoordeth none
But the great venter, where full many a Knight
Hath tride his prowesse and come off with shame,
And where I would not haue you loose your life,
Against no man, but furious fiend of hell.

*Raph.* Speake on sir Knight, tell what he is, and where,
For heere I vow vpon my blazing badge,
Neuer to blaze a day in quietnesse;
But bread and water will I onely eate,
And the greene hearbe and rocke shall be my couch,
Till I haue queld that man, or beast, or fiend,
That workes such damage to all Errant Knights.

*Host.* Not far from hence, neere to a craggy cliffe,
At the North end of this distressed Towne,
There doth stand a lowly house
Ruggedly builded, and in it a Caue,
In which an ougly Gyant now doth won,
Ycleped *Barbaroso*: in his hand
He shakes a naked lance of purest steele,
With sleeues turn'd vp, and him before he weares,
A motley garment, to preserue his cloaths
From bloud of those Knights which he massacres,
And Ladies Gent: without his dore doth hang
A copper bason, on a prickant speare:
At which, no sooner gentle Knights can knocke,
But the shrill sound, fierce *Barbaroso* heares,
And rushing forth, brings in the errant Knight,
And sets him downe in an inchanted chaire.
Then with an Engine which he hath prepar'd,

With

With forty teeth, he clawes his courtly crowne,
Next makes him winke, and vnderneath his chinne,
Hee plants a brazen peece of mighty bord,
And knocks his bullets round about his cheeks,
Whilst with his fingers, and an instrument
With which he snaps his haire off, he doth fill
The wretches eares with a most hideous noise.
Thus euery Knight Aduenturer he doth trim,
And now no creature dares encounter him.

*Raph.* In Gods name, I will fight him, kinde sir,
Go but before me to this dismall Caue,
Where this huge Gyant *Barbaroso* dwels,
And by that vertue that braue *Rosicleere*,
That damned brood of ougly Gyants slew,
And *Palmerin Frannarco* ouerthrew:
I doubt not but to curbe this Traitor foule,
And to the Diuell send his guilty soule.

*Host.* Braue sprighted Knight, thus far I will performe
This your request, I'le bring you with in sight
Of this most lothsome place, inhabited
By a more loathsome man: but dare not stay,
For his maine force soopes all he sees away.

*Raph.* Saint *George* set on before, march Squire and page. *Exeunt.*

*VVife. George*, dost thinke *Raph* will confound the Gyant?

*Cit.* I hold my cap to a farthing hee does: why *Nel* I saw him wrastle with the great Dutch-man and hurle him.

*VVife.* Faith and that Dutch-man was a goodly man, if all things were answerable to his bignesse, and yet they say there was a Scotsh-man higher then hee, and that they two and a Knight met, and saw one another for nothing, but of all the sights that euer were in *London*, since I was married, mee thinkes the little child that was so faire growne about the members was the prettiest, that, and the *Hermophrodite*.

*Cit.* Nay by your leaue *Nel*, *Niniuy* was better.

*VVife. Niniuie*, O that was the story of *Ione* and the Wall, was it not *George*?

*Cit.* Yes lam.

*Enter mistresse Merry-thought.*

*VVife.*

*Wife.* Looke *George*, heere comes Mistresse *Merry-thought* againe, and I would haue *Raph* come and fight with the Giant, I tell you true, I long to see't.

*Cit.* Good Mistresse *Merry-thought* be gone, I pray you for my sake, I pray you forbeare a little, you shall haue audience presently, I haue a little businesse.

*Wife.* Mistresse *Merry-thought* if it please you to refraine your passiō a little, til *Raph* haue dispatch the Giant out of the way we shall think our selues much bound to you, I thank you good Mistresse *Merry-thought.* *Exit mist. Merry-thou:*

*Enter a boy.*

*Cit.* Boy, come hither, send away *Raph* and this whoresonne Giant quickely.

*Boy.* In good faith sir we cannot, you'le vtterly spoile our Play, and make it to be hist, and it cost money, you will not suffer vs to go on with our plot, I pray Gentlemen rule him.

*Cit.* Let him come now and dispatch this, and I'le trouble you no more.

*Boy.* Will you giue me your hand of that?

*Wife.* Giue him thy hand *George*, do, and I'le kisse him, I warrant thee the youth meanes plainely.

*Boy.* I'le send him to you presently. *Exit Boy.*

*Wife.* I thanke you little youth, feth the child hath a sweete breath *George*, but I thinke it bee troubled with the wormes, *Carduus Benedictus* and Mares milke were the onely thing in the world for't, O *Raph's* here *George*, God send thee good lucke *Raph.*

*Enter Raph, Host, Squire, and Dwarfe.*

*Host.* Puissant Knight yonder his Mansion is,
Lo where the speare and Copper Bason are,
Behold that string on which hangs many a tooth,
Drawne from the gentle iaw of wandring Knights,
I dare not stay to sound, hee will appeare. *Exit Host.*

*Raph.* O faint not heart, *Susan* my Lady deere,
The Coblers Maid in Milke-streete, for whose sake,
I take these Armes, O let the thought of thee,
Carry thy Knight through all aduenterous deeds,

And

And in the honor of thy beauteous selfe,
May I destroy this monster *Barbaroso*,
Knocke Squire vpon the Base on till it breake. *Enter*
With the shrill stroakes, or till the Giant speake. *Barber.*

*Wife.* O *George*, the Giant, the Giant, now *Raph* for thy life.

*Barber.* What fond vnknowing wight is this? that dares
So rudely knocke at *Barbaroſſa's* Cell,
Where no man comes but leaues his fleece behind?

*Raph.* I, traiterous Caitiffe, who am sent by fate
To punish all the sad enormities
Thou hast committed against Ladies Gent
And errant Knights, traitor to God and men:
Prepare thy selfe, this is the dismall houre
Appointed for thee, to giue strickt account
Of all thy beastly treacherous villanies.

*Barber.* Foole-hardy Knight, full soone thou shalt aby
This fond reproach, thy body will I bang, *Hee takes downe*
And loe vpon that string thy teeth shall hang: *his pole.*
Prepare thy selfe, for dead soone shalt thou bee,

*Raph.* Saint *George* for me. *They fight.*

*Barber. Gargantua* for me.

*Wife.* To him, *Raph* to him, hold vp the Giant, set out thy leg before *Raph.*

*Cit.* Falsifie a blow *Raph*, falsifie a blow, the Giant lies open on the left side.

*Wife.* Beare't off, beare't off still; there boy, O *Raphe's* almost downe, *Raph's* almost downe.

*Raph. Susan* inspire me, now haue vp againe.

*Wife.* Vp, vp, vp, vp, vp, so *Raph*, downe with him, downe with him *Raph.*

*Cit.* Fetch him ore the hip boy.

*Wife.* There boy, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, *Raph.*

*Cit.* No *Raph* get all out of him first.

*Raph.* Presumptuous man, see to what desperate end
Thy treatchery hath brought thee, the iust Gods,
Who neuer prosper those that do despise them,
For all the villanies which thou hast done

To Knights and Ladies, now haue paid thee home
By my stiffe arme, a Knight aduenturous,
But say vile wretch, before I send thy soule
To sad *Auernus* whether it must go,
What captiues holdst thou in thy sable caue.

*Barber.* Go in and free them all, thou hast the day.

*Raph.* Go Squire & Dwarfe, search in this dreadfull Caue
And free the wretched prisoners from their bonds.

*Exit Squire and Dwarfe.*

*Barber.* I craue for mercy, as thou art a Knight,
And scornst to spill the bloud of those that beg.

*Raph.* Thou showdst no mercy, nor shalt thou haue any,
Prepare thy selfe for thou shalt surely die.

*Enter Squire leading one winking, with a Bason vnder his chin.*

*Squire.* Behold braue Knight heere is one prisoner,
Whom this wilde man hath vsed as you see.

*Wife.* This is the first wise word I heard the Squire speake.

*Raph.* Speake what thou art, and how thou hast beene vs'd,
That that I may giue condigne punishment,

*1. Kni.* I am a Knight that tooke my iourney post
North-ward from *London*, and in curteous wise,
This Giant train'd me to his loathsome den,
Vnder pretence of killing of the itch,
And all my body with a powder strew'd,
That smarts and stings, and cut away my beard,
And my curl'd lockes wherein were ribands tide,
And with a water washt my tender eyes,
Whilst vp and downe about me still he skipt,
Whose vertue is, that till mine eyes be wip't
With a dry cloath, for this my foule disgrace,
I shall not dare to looke a dog i'th' face.

*Wife.* Alas poore Knight, relieue him *Raph*, relelue poore Knights whilst you liue.

*Raph.* My trusty Squire conuey him to the Towne,
Where he may finde releife, adiew faire Knight. *Exit knight.*

*Enter Dwarfe leading one with a patch ore his Nose.*

*Dwar.* Puisant Knight of the burning Pestle hight,

See

See heere another wretch, whom this foule beast
Hath scorcht and scor'd in this inhumaine wise.

*Raph.* Speake me thy name and eke thy place of birth,
And what hath bene thy vsage in this Caue.

2. *Knight.* I am a Knight, Sir *Pocke-hole* is my name,
And by my birth I am a *Londoner*
Free by my Coppy, but my Ancestors
Were *French-men* all, and riding hard this way,
Vpon a trotting horse, my bones did ake,
And I faint Knight to ease my weary limbes,
Light at this Caue, when straight this furious fiend,
With sharpest instrument of purest steele,
Did cut the gristle of my Nose away,
And in the place this veluet plaister stands,
Relieue me gentle Knight out of his hands.

*Wife.* Good *Raph* releiue sir *Pocke-hole* and send him away, for, intruth, his breath stinkes,

*Raph.* Conuey him straight after the other Knight, Sir *Pocke-hole* fare you well.

2. *Kni.* Kinde sir good-night. *Exit.*

*Cryes within.*

*Man.* Deliuer vs. *Woeman.* Deliuer vs.

*Wife.* Hearke *George*, what a woefull cry there is, I thinke some woman lies in there. *Man.* Deliuer vs.

*Woeman.* Deliuer vs.

*Raph.* What gastly noise is this? speake *Barbaroso*,
Or by this blasing steele thy head goes off.

*Barber.* Prisoners of mine whom I in diet keepe,
Send lower downe into the Caue,
And in a Tub that's heated smoaking hot,
There may they finde them and deliuer them,

*Raph.* Run Squire and Dwarfe, deliuer them with speed.

*Exeunt Squire and Dwarfe.*

*Wife.* But will not *Raph* kill this Giant, surely I am afeard if hee let him go he will do as much hurt, as euer he did.

*Cittiz.* Not so mouse neither, if hee could conuert him.

*Wife.* I *George* if hee could conuert him, but a Giant is not so soone conuerted as one of vs ordinary people: there's a pretty tale of a Witch, that had the diuels marke about her, God blesse vs, that had a Giant to her sonne, that was cal'd *Lob-lie-by-the-fire*, didst neuer here it *George*?

*Enter Squire leading a man with a glasse of Lotion in his hand, and the Dwarfe leading a woman, with diet-bread and drinke.*

*Cit.* Peace *Nel*, heere comes the prisoners.

*Dwar.* Here be these pined wretches, manfull Knight,
That for these sixe weekes haue not seene a wight.

*Raph.* Deliuer what you are, and how you came
To this sad Caue, and what your vsage was?

*Man.* I am an Errant Knight that followed Armes,
With speare and shield, and in my tender yeares
I stricken was with *Cupids* fiery shaft,
And fell in loue with this my Lady deere,
And stole her from her friends in Turne-bull-streete,
And bore her vp and downe from Towne to Towne,
Where we did eate and drinke and Musicke heare,
Till at the length, at this vnhappy Towne
Wee did arriue, and comming to this Caue
This beast vs caught and put vs in a Tub,
Where we this two monthes sweate, and should haue done
Another Moneth if you had not relieu'd vs.

*Wom.* This bread and water hath our diet bene,
Together with a rib cut from a necke
Of burned Mutton, hard hath bene our fare,
Release vs from this ougly Giants snare.

*Man.* This hath bene all the food we haue receiu'd,
But onely twice a day for nouelty,
He gaue a spoonefull of this hearty broth, *Puls out a syringe*
To each of vs, through this same slender quill.

*Raph.* From this infernall monster you shall go,
That vseth Knights and gentle Ladies so,
Conuey them hence. *Exeunt man and woman.*

*Cit.*

*Cit.* Cony, I can tell thee the Gentlemen like *Rafe.*

*VVife.* I *George*, I see it well inough. Gentlemen I thanke you all heartily for gracing my man *Rafe*, and I promise you you shall see him oftner.

*Barber.* Mercy great knight, I do recant my ill,
And henceforth neuer gentle bloud will spill.

*Rafe.* I giue thee mercy, but yet shalt thou sweare
Vpon my burning pestle, to performe
Thy promise vtterd.

*Barber.* I sweare and kisse.

*Rafe.* Depart then, and amend.
Come squire and dwarfe, the Sunne growes towards his set, and we haue many more aduentures yet. *Exeunt.*

*Cit.* Now *Rafe* is in this humour, I know hee would ha beaten all the boyes in the house if they had beene set on him.

*VVife.* I *George*, but it is well as it is, I warrant you the Gentlemen do consider what it is to ouerthrow a gyant: but looke *George*, heere comes mistresse *Merri-thought* and her sonne *Michael*; now you are welcome mistresse *Merri-thought*, now *Rafe* has done you may go on.

*Enter mistresse Merri-thought, and Michael.*

*Mist. mer.* Micke my boy?

*Mich.* I forsooth mother.

*Mist. mer.* Be merry *Micke* we are at home now; where I warrant you, you shall finde the house flung out at the windowes: Harke, hey dogges, hey, this is the old world I'faith with my husband; if I get in among 'em, Ile play em such a lesson, that they shall haue little list to come scraping hither, againe. Why maister *Merri-thought*, husband, *Charles Merri-thought.*

*Old merri. within.* If you will sing and daunce, and laugh, and hollow, and laugh againe, and then cry there boyes, there: why then
One, two, three, and foure,
We shall be merry within this houre:

*Mist. merri.* Why *Charles*, doe you not know your

*Song.*

*You are no loue for me* Margret, *I am no loue for you.*
*Come aloft Boyes, aloft.*

*Mist. mer.* Now a Churles fart in your teeth sir: Come *Micke*, wee'l not trouble him, a shall not ding 'vs i'th teeth with his bread and his broth: that he shall not: come boy, Il'e prouide for thee, I warrant thee: wee'l goe to maister *Venterwels* the Merchant, Il'e get his letter to mine Host of the *Bell* in *Waltham*, there Il'e place thee with the Tapster; will not that doe well for thee *Micke*? and let me alone for that old Cuckoldly knaue your father, Il'e vse him in his kinde, I warrant yee.

*Wife.* Come *George*, wher's the beere?

*Cit.* Here loue.

*Wife.* This old fornicating fellow wil not out of my mind yet; Gentlemen, Il'e begin to you all, and I desire more of your acquaintance, with all my heart. Fill the Gentlemen some beere *George*,

*Finis Actus tertij.* *Musicke.*

## Actus quartus, Scœna prima.

*Boy danceth.*

*Wife.* Looke *George*, the little boy's come againe, mee thinkes he lookes something like the prince of *Orange* in his long stocking, if hee had a little harnesse about his necke. *George* I will haue him dance *Fading*; *Fading* is a fine Iigge Il'e assure you Gentlemen: begin brother, now a capers sweet heart, now a turne a'th toe, and then tumble: cannot you tumble youth?

*Boy.* No indeed forsooth.

*Wife.* Nor eate fire? *Boy.* Neither.

*Wife.* Why then I thanke you heartily, there's two pence to buy you points withall.

*Enter Iasper and Boy.*

*Iasp.* There boy, deliuer this: but do it well. Hast thou prouided me foure lusty fellowes?

Able

Able to carry me? and art thou perfect
In all thy businesse? *Boy.* Sir, you need not feare,
I haue my lesson here, and cannot misse it:
The men are ready for you, and what else
Pertaines to this imployment. *Iasp.* There my boy,
Take it, but buy no land. *Boy.* Faith sir 'twere rare
To see so yong a purchaser: I flye,
And on my wings carry your destinie. *Exit.*

*Iasp.* Go, and be happy. Now my latest hope
Forsake me not, but fling thy Anchor out,
And let it hold: stand fixt thou rolling stone,
Till I enioy my deerest: heare me all
You powers that rule in men cœlestiall. *Exit.*

*Wife.* Go thy wayes, thou art as crooked a sprigge as euer grew in *London*; I warrant him hee'l come to some naughty end or other: for his lookes say no lesse: Besides, his father (you know *George*) is none of the best, you heard him take me vp like a flirt Gill, and sing baudy songs vpon me: but Ifaith if I liue *George*——

*Cit.* Let me alone sweet-heart, I haue a tricke in my head shall lodge him in the Arches for one yeare, and make him sing *Peccani*, er'e I leaue him, and yet hee shall neuer know who hurt him neither.

*Wife.* Do my good *George*, do.

*Cit.* What shall we haue *Rafe* do now boy?

*Boy.* You shall haue what you will sir.

*Cit.* Why so sir, go and fetch me him then, and let the Sophy of *Persia* come and christen him a childe.

*Boy.* Beleeue me sir, that will not doe so well, 'tis stale, it has beene had before at the red Bull.

*Wife.* *George* let *Rafe* trauell ouer great hils, & let him be very weary, and come to the King of *Cracouia's* house, couered with veluet, and there let the Kings daughter stand in her window all in beaten gold, combing her golden locks with a combe of Iuory, and let her spy *Rafe*, and fall in loue with him, and come downe to him, and carry him into her fathers house, and then let *Rafe* talke with her.

owne naturall wife? I say, open the doore, and turne me out those mangy companions; 'tis more then time that they were fellow and fellow like with you: you are a Gentleman *Charles*, and an old man, and father of two children; and I my selfe (though I say it) by my mothers side, Neece to a worshipfull Gentleman, and a Conductor, ha has beene three times in his Maiesties seruice at *Chester*, and is now the fourth time, God blesse him, and his charge vpon his iourney.

Old Mer. *Go from my window, loue, goe;*
*Go from my window my deere,*
*The winde and the raine will driue you backe againe,*
*You cannot be lodged heere.*

Harke you Mistresse *Merrithought*, you that walke vpon aduentures, and forsake your husband, because hee sings with neuer a peny in his purse; What shall I thinke my selfe the worse? Faith no, Il'e be merry.

You come not heere, heer's none but lads of mettle, liues of a hundred yeares, and vpwards, care neuer drunke their bloods, nor want made 'em warble.

Hey-ho, my heart is heauy.

*Mist mer.* Why Mr. *Merrithought*, what am I that you should laugh me to scorne thus abruptly? am I not your fellow-feeler (as we may say) in all our miseries? your comforter in health and sickneſſe? haue I not brought you Children? are they not like you *Charles*? looke vpon thine owne Image hard-hearted man; and yet for all this——

*Old mer. within.* Begone, begone, my Iuggy, my puggy, begone my loue, my deere.

The weather is warme, twill do thee no harme, thou canst not be lodged heere.

Be merry boyes, some light musicke, and more wine.

*Wife.* He's not in earnest, I hope *George*, is he?

*Cit.* What if he be, sweet heart?

*Wife.* Marie if hee be *George*, Ile make bold to tell him hee's an Ingrant old man, to vse his bed-fellow so scuruily.

*Cit.* What how does he vse her hunny?

*Wife.*

*Wife.* Marie come vp sir sauce-box, I thinke you'l take his part, will you not? Lord how hot you are growne: you are a fine man an you had a fine dogge, it becomes you sweetly.

*Cit.* Nay pre'thee *Nell* chide not: for as I am an honest man, and a true Christian Grocer, I doe not like his doings.

*Wife.* I cry you mercie then *George*; you know we are all fraile, and full of infirmities. Dee heare Mr. *Merri-thought*, may I craue a word with you?

*Old mer. within.* Strike vp liuely lads.

*Wife.* I had not thought in truth, Mr. *Merrithought*, that a man of your age and discretion (as I may say) being a Gentleman, and therefore knowne by your gentle conditions, could haue vsed so little respect to the weakenesse of his wife: for your wife is your owne flesh, the staffe of your age, your yoke-fellow, with whose helpe you draw through the mire of this transitory world: Nay, she's your owne ribbe. And againe——

*Old mer.* I come not hither for thee to teach,
I haue no pulpit for thee to preach,
I would thou hadst kist me vnder the breech,
As thou art a Lady gay.

*Wife.* Marie with a vengeance.
I am hartely sorry for the poore gentlewoman: but if I were thy wife, I'faith gray-beard, I'faith——

*Cit.* I pre'thee sweet hunny-suckle, be content.

*Wife.* Giue me such words that am a gentlewoman borne, hang him hoary rascall. Get mee some drinke *George*, I am almost molten with fretting: now beshrew his knaues heart for it.

*Old mer.* Play me a light *Laualto*: come, bee frolicke, fill the good fellowes wine.

*Mist. mer.* Why Mr. *Merrithought*, are you disposed to make me wait here: you'l open I hope, Il'e fetch them that shall open else.

*Old mer.* Good woman if you wil sing Il'e giue you something, if not——

*Song.*

*Cit.* Well said *Nell*, it shal be so: boy let's ha't done quickly.

*Boy.* Sir, if you will imagine all this to be done already, you shall heare them talke together: but wee cannot present a house couered with blacke veluet, and a Lady in beaten gold.

*Cit.* Sir boy, lets ha't as you can then.

*Boy.* Besides it will shew ill-fauouredly to haue a Grocers prentice to court a kings daughter.

*Cit.* Will it so sir? you are well read in Histories: I pray you what was sir *Dagonet*? was not he prentice to a Grocer in London? read the play of the *Foure Prentices of London*, where they tosse their pikes so: I pray you fetch him in sir, fetch him in.

*Boy.* It shall be done, it is not our fault gentlemen. *Exit.*

*Wife.* Now we shall see fine doings I warrant tee *George*. O here they come; how pretily the king of *Cracuia's* daughter is dresst. *Enter Rafe and the Lady, Squire and dwarfe.*

*Cit.* I *Nell*, it is the fashion of that country, I warrant tee.

*Lady.* Welcome sir Knight vnto my fathers Court.
King of *Moldauia*, vnto me *Pompiona*
His daughter deere: but sure you do not like
Your entertainment, that will stay with vs
No longer but a night. *Rafe.* Damsell right faire,
I am on many sad aduentures bound,
That call me forth into the wilderneſſe:
Besides, my horses backe is something gal'd,
Which will inforce me ride a sober pace.
But many thankes (faire Lady) be to you,
For vsing errant Knight with curtesie.

*Lady.* But say (braue knight) what is your name & birth?

*Rafe.* My name is *Rafe*, I am an English man,
As true as steele, a hearty Englishman,
And prentice to a Grocer in the strond,
By deed Indent, of which I haue one part:
But Fortune calling me to follow Armes,
On me this holy order I did take,
Of Burning pestle, which in all mens eyes,

I beare, confounding Ladies enemies.

*Lady.* Oft haue I heard of your braue country-men,
And fertill soyle, and store of holesome food:
My Father oft will tell me of a drinke
In England found, and *Nipitato* cal'd.
Which driueth all the sorrow from your hearts.

*Rafe.* Lady 'tis true, you need not lay your lips
To better *Nipitato* then there is.

*Lady.* And of a wild-fowle he will often speake,
Which poudred beefe and mustard called is:
For there haue beene great warres 'twixt vs and you,
But truly *Rafe*, it was not long of me.
Tell me then *Rafe*, could you contented be,
To weare a Ladies fauour in your shield?

*Rafe.* I am a knight of religious order,
And will not weare a fauour of a Ladies
That trusts in Antichrist, and false traditions.

*Cit.* Well sayd *Rafe*, conuert her if thou canst.

*Rafe.* Besides, I haue a Lady of my owne
In merry England, for whose vertuous sake
I tooke these Armes, and *Susan* is her name,
A Coblers maid in Milke-street, whom I vow
Nere to forsake, whilst life and Pestle last.

*Lady.* Happy that Cobling dame, who ere she be,
That for her owne (deere *Rafe*) hath gotten thee.
Vnhappy I, that nere shall see the day
To see thee more, that bearst my heart away.

*Rafe.* Lady fare-well, I needs must take my leaue.

*Lady.* Hard-harted *Rafe*, that Ladies dost deceiue.

*Cit.* Harke thee *Rafe*, there's money for thee; giue something in the King of *Cracouia's* house, be not beholding to him.

*Rafe.* Lady before I go, I must remember
Your fathers Officers, who truth to tell,
Haue beene about me very diligent.
Hold vp thy snowy hand thou princely maid,
There's twelue pence for your fathers Chamberlaine,

And another ſhilling for his Cooke,
For by my troth the Gooſe was roſted well.
And twelue-pence for your fathers horſe-keeper,
For nointing my horſe backe; and for his butter
There is another ſhilling. To the maid
That waſh't my boot-hoſe, there's an Engliſh groat;
And two pence to the boy that wip't my boots:
And laſt, faire Lady, there is for your ſelfe
Three pence to buy you pins at *Bumbo* faire.

*Lady.* Full many thankes, and I will keepe them ſafe
Till all the heads be off, for thy ſake *Raſe.*

*Raſe.* Aduance my Squire and Dwarfe, I cannot ſtay,

*Lady.* Thou kilſt my heart in parting thus away. *Exeũt.*

*Wife.* I commend *Raſe* yet that hee will not ſtoope to a *Cracouian*, there's properer women in London then any are there I-wis. But heere comes Maiſter *Humphrey* and his loue againe now *George.*

*Cit.* I cony, peace.

*Enter Marchant, Humphrey, Luce and a Boy.*

*March.* Go get you vp, I will not be intreated.
And goſſip mine, Il'e keepe you ſure hereafter
From gadding out againe with boyes and vnthrifts,
Come, they are womens teares, I know your faſhion.
Go ſirrah, locke her in, and keepe the key, *Exit Luce*
Safe as you loue your life. Now my ſonne *Humfrey*, *& Boy.*
You may both reſt aſſured of my loue
In this, and reape your owne deſire.

*Hum.* Iſee this loue you ſpeake of, through your daughter,
Although the hole be little; and hereafter
Will yeeld the like in all I may, or can,
Fitting a Chriſtian, and a gentleman.

*March.* I do beleeue you (my good ſonne) and thanke you:
For 'twere an impudence to thinke you flattered.

*Humph.* It were indeed, but ſhall I tell you why,
I haue beene beaten twice about the lye.

*March.* Well ſon, no more of complement, my daughter
Is yours againe; appoint the time, and take her,

Wee'le

We'le haue no stealing for it, I my selfe
And some few of our friends will see you married.
*Hum.* I would you would i'faith, for be it knowne
I euer was afraid to lie alone.
*March.* Some three daies hence then.
*Hum.* Three daies, let me see,
'Tis some-what of the most, yet I agree,
Because I meane against the appointed day,
To visite all my friends in new array. *Enter seruant.*
*Ser.* Sir, there's a Gentlewoman without would speake with your Worship. *March.* What is shee?
*Seru.* Sir I askt her not.
*March.* Bid her come in.
*Enter mistresse Merry-thought and Michael.*
*Mist.mer.* Peace be to your Worship, I come as a poore Suter to you sir, in the behalfe of this child.
*March.* Are you not wife to *Merrie-thought?*
*Mist.mer.* Yes truely, would I had nere seene his eies, ha has vndone me and himselfe and his children, & there he liues at home & sings, & hoights, & Reuels among his drunken cõpanions, but, I warrant you, where to get a peny to put bread in his mouth, he knowes not: and therefore if it like your Worship, I would entreate your letter, to the honest Host of the *Bel* in *Waltham*, that I may place my child vnder the protection of his Tapster, in some setled course of life.
*March.* I'me glad the heauens haue heard my prayers: thy husband
VVhen I was ripe in sorrows laught at me,
Thy sonne like an vnthankefull wretch, I hauing
Redeem'd him from his fall and made him mine,
To shew his loue againe, first stole my daughter,
Then wrong'd this Gentleman, and last of all,
Gaue me that griefe, had almost brought me downe
Vnto my graue, had not a stronger hand
Releiu'd my sorrowes, go, and weepe, as I did
And be vnpitied, for I heere professe
An euerlasting hate to all thy name.
*Mist.mer.* VVill you so sir, how say you by that? come

*Micke*, let him keepe his winde to coole his Porrage, we'le go to thy Nurces *Micke*, shee knits silke stockings boy, and we'le knit too boy, and bee beholding to none of them all. *Exeunt Michael and mother.*

*Enter a boy with a letter.*

*Boy.* Sir, I take it you are the Maister of this house.

*Merch.* How then boy?

*Boy.* Then to your selfe sir comes this letter.

*Merch.* From whom my pretty Boy?

*Boy.* From him that was your seruant, but no more
Shall that name euer be, for hee is dead,
Griefe of your purchas'd anger broke his heart,
I saw him die, and from his hand receiu'd
This paper, with a charge to bring it hither,
Reade it, and satisfie your selfe in all.

*Letter.*

March. *Sir, that I haue wronged your loue, I must confesse, in which I haue purchast to my selfe, besides myne owne vndoing, the ill opinion of my friends, let not your anger, good sir, outliue me, but suffer mee to rest in peace with your forgiuenesse; let my body (if a dying man may so much preuaile with you) bee brought to your daughter, that shee may truely know my hote flames are now buried, and, withall, receiue a testimony of the zeale I bore her vertues: farewell for euer, and be euer happy.* Iasper.

Gods hand is great in this, I do forgiue him,
Yet I am glad he's quiet, where I hope
He will not bite againe: boy bring the body
And let him haue his will, if that be all.

*Boy.* 'Tis here without sir. *Merch.* So sir, if you please
You may conduct it in, I do not feare it.

*Hump.* I'le be your Vsher boy, for though I say it,
He ow'd me something once, and well did pay it. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Luce alone.*

*Luce.* If there be any punishment inflicted
Vpon the miserable, more then yet I feele,
Let it together seaze me, and at once

Presse

Preſſe downe my ſoule, I cannot beare the paine
Of theſe delaying tortures: thou that art
The end of all, and the ſweete reſt of all;
Come, come ô death, bring me to thy peace,
And blot out all the memory I nouriſh
Both of my father and my cruell friend.
O wretched maide ſtill liuing to be wretched,
To be a ſay to fortune in her changes,
And grow to number times and woes together,
How happy had I bene, if being borne
My graue had bene my cradle? *Enter ſeruant.*

*Ser.* By your leaue
Yong Miſtreſſe, here's a boy hath brought a coffin,
What a would ſay I know not, but your father
Charg'd me to giue you notice, here they come.

*Enter two bearing a Coffin, Iaſper in it.*

*Luce.* For me I hop't 'tis come, and 'tis moſt welcome.

*Boy.* Faire Miſtreſſe let me not adde greater griefe
To that great ſtore you haue already; *Iaſper*
That whilſt he liu'd was yours, now dead,
And here enclos'd, commanded me to bring
His body hither, and to craue a teare
From thoſe faire eyes, though he deſeru'd not pitty,
To decke his funerall, for ſo he bid me
Tell her for whom he di'de. *Luce.* He ſhall haue many:
Good friends depart a little, whilſt I take *Exeunt Coffin*
My leaue of this dead man, that once I lou'd: *carrier & boy.*
Hold, yet a little, life and then I giue thee
To thy firſt heauenly being; O my friend!
Haſt thou deceiu'd me thus, and got before me?
I ſhall not long bee after, but beleeue me,
Thou wert too cruell *Iaſper* gainſt thy ſelfe,
In puniſhing the fault, I could haue pardoned,
With ſo vntimely death; thou didſt not wrong me,
But euer wer't moſt kind, moſt true, moſt louing;
And I the moſt vnkind, moſt falſe, moſt cruell.
Didſt thou but aske a teare? Ile giue thee all,

Euen

Euen all my eies can powre downe, all my sigh's
And all my selfe, before thou goest from me
There are but sparing rites: But if thy soule
Be yet about this place, and can behold
And see what I prepare to decke thee with,
It shall go vp, borne on the wings of peace
And satisfied: first will I sing thy dirge,
Then kisse thy pale lips, and then die my selfe,
And fill one Coffin and one graue together.

*Song.*

*Come you whose loues are dead,*
*And whiles I sing*
*Weepe and wring*
*Euery hand and euery head,*
*Bind with Cipres and sad Ewe,*
*Ribands blacke, and candles blew,*
*For him that was of men most true.*

*Come with heauy mourning,*
*And on his graue*
*Let him haue*
*Sacrifice of sighes and groaning,*
*Let him haue faire flowers enow,*
*White and purple, greene and yellow,*
*For him that was of men most true.*

Thou sable cloth, sad couer of my ioies
I lift thee vp, and thus I meete with death.
*Iasp.* And thus you meete the liuing. *Luce.* Saue me heauen.
*Ias.* Nay do not flie me faire, I am no spirit,
Looke better on me, do you know me yet?
*Luce.* O thou deere shadow of my friend.
*Iasp.* Deere substance,
I sweare I am no shadow, feele my hand,
It is the same it was, I am your *Iasper*,
Your *Iasper* that's yet liuing, and yet louing,
Pardon my rash attempt, my foolish proofe.

I put in practise of your constancy,
For sooner should my sword haue drunke my bloud,
And set my soule at liberty, then drawne
The least drop from that body; for which boldnesse
Doome me to any thing: if death I take it
And willingly. *Luce.* This death I'le giue you for it,
So, now I am satisfied: you are no spirit,
But my owne trueſt, trueſt, trueſt friend,
VVhy doe you come thus to mee.
*Iasper.* First to see you,
Then to conuey you hence.
*Luce.* It cannot bee,
For I am lockt vp here and watcht at all howers,
That 'tis impossible for me to scape.
*Iasp.* Nothing more possible, within this coffin
Do you conuey your selfe, let me alone,
I haue the wits of twenty men about me,
Onely I craue the shelter of your Closet
A little, and then feare me not; creepe in
That they may presently conuey you hence:
Feare nothing deerest loue, Il'e be your second,
Lie close, so, all goes well yet; Boy.
*Boy.* At hand sir.
*Iasp.* Conuey away the Coffin, and be wary.
*Boy.* 'Tis done already.
*Iasp.* Now must I go coniure. *Exit.*

*Enter Merchant.*

*Merch.* Boy, Boy.
*Boy.* Your seruant sir.
*March.* Do me this kindnesse Boy, hold here's a crowne:
Before thou bury the body of this fellow, carry it to his old merie father, and salute him from mee, and bid him sing, he hath cause.
*Boy.* I will sir.
*Merch.* And then bring me word what tune he is in, and haue another crowne: but do it truely.
I haue fitted him a bargaine, now, will vex him.

*Boy.* God blesse your VVorships health sir.

*March.* Fare-well boy. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Maister Merrie-thought.*

*Wife.* Ah old *Merry-thought*, art thou there againe, let's here some of thy songs.

Old Mer. *Who can sing a merrier noate,*
*Then he that cannot change a groat?*

Not a *Denier* left, and yet my heart leapes, I do wonder yet, as old as I am, that any man will follow a Trade, or serue, that may sing and laugh, and walke the streetes, my wife and both my sonnes are I know not where, I haue nothing left, nor know I how to come by meate to supper, yet am I merry still; for I know I shall finde it vpon the Table at sixe a clocke, therefore hang Thought.

I would not be a Seruigman to carry the cloke-bag still,
Nor would I be a Fawlconer the greedy Hawlkes to fill.
But I would be in a good house, & haue a good Maister too.
But I would eat & drink of the best, & no work would I do.

This is it that keepes life and soule together, mirth, this is the Philosophers stone that they write so much on, that keepes a man euer yong.

*Enter a Boy.*

*Boy.* Sir, they say they know all your mony is gone, and they will trust you for no more drinke.

*Old mer.* Will they not? let am choose, the best is I haue mirth at home, and neede not send abroad for that, let them keepe their drinke to themselues.

For *Jillian* of *Berry* shee dwels on a Hill,
And shee hath good Beere and Ale to sell.
And of good fellowes she thinks no ill,
And thether will we go now, now, now, now, and thether
Will wee go now.
And when you haue made a little stay,
You need not aske what is to pay,
But kisse your Hostesse and go your way, And thither, &c.

*Enter another Boy.*

2. *Boy.* Sir, I can get no bread for supper.

*Old mer.*

*Oldmer.* Hang bread and supper, let's preserue our mirth, and we shall neuer feele hunger, I'le warrant you; let's haue a Catch, boy follow me, come sing this Catch.

*Ho, ho, no body at home, meate, nor drinke, nor money ha wee none, fill the pot Eedy, neuer more need I.*

*Oldmer.* So boies enough, follow mee, let's change our place and we shall laugh afresh.

*Exeunt.*

*Wife.* Let him goe *George*, a shall not haue any countenance from vs, nor a good word from any i'th' Company, if I may strike stroke in't.

*Cit.* No more a shannot loue; but *Nel* I will haue *Raph* doe a very notable matter now, to the eternall honour and glory of all *Grocers*, sirrah you there boy, can none of you heare?

*Boy.* Sir, your pleasure.

*Cit.* Let *Raph* come out on May-day in the morning and speake vpon a Conduit with all his Scarfes about him, and his fethers and his rings and his knacks.

*Boy.* Why sir you do not thinke of our plot, what will become of that then?

*Cit.* Why sir, I care not what become on't, I'le haue him come out, or I'le fetch him out my selfe, I'le haue something done in honor of the Citty, besides, he hath bene long enough vpon Aduentures, bring him out quickely, or if I come in amongst you ——

*Boy.* Well sir hee shall come out, but if our play miscarry, sir you are like to pay for't.

*Exit Boy.*

*Cit.* Bring him away then.

*Wife.* This will be braue i'faith, *George* shall not he dance the morrice too for the credit of the Strand.

*Cittiz.* No sweete heart it will bee too much for the boy, ô there he is *Nel*, hee's reasonable well in reparell, but hee has not rings enough.

*Enter Raph.*

Raph. London, *to thee I do present the merry Month of May*

*Let each true Subiect be content to heare me what I say:*
*For from the top of Conduit head, as plainely may appeare,*
*I will both tell my name to you and wherefore I came heere.*
*My name is* Raph, *by due discent, though not ignoble I,*
*Yet far inferior to the Flocke of gratious Grocery.*
*And by the Common-councell, of my fellowes in the Strand,*
*With guilded Staffe, and crossed Skarfe, the May-lord here I stand.*
*Reioyce, ô English hearts, reioyce, reioyce ô Louers deere,*
*Reioyce ô City, Towne, and Country, reioyce eke euery Shire;*
*For now the fragrant Flowers do spring and sprout in seemely sort,*
*The little Birds do sit and sing, the Lambes do make fine sport.*
*And now the Birchin Tree doth bud that maks the Schoole boy cry*
*The Morrice rings while Hobby-horse doth foote it feateously:*
*The Lords and Ladies now abroad for their disport and play,*
*Do kisse sometimes vpon the Grasse, and sometimes in the Hey.*
*Now Butter with a leafe of Sage is good to Purge the bloud,*
*Fly* Venus *and Phlebotomy for they are neither good.*
*Now little fish on tender stone, beginne to cast their bellies,*
*And sluggish snails, that erst were mute, do creep out of their shelles*
*The rumbling Riuers now do warme for little boies to padle,*
*The sturdy Steede, now goes to grasse, and vp they hang his saddle.*
*The heauy Hart, the bellowing Bucke, the Rascal and the Pricket,*
*Are now among the Yeomans Pease, and leaue the fearefull thicket.*
*And be like them, ô you, I say, of this same noble Towne,*
*And lift aloft your velvet heads, and slipping of your gowne:*
*With bels on legs, and napkins cleane vnto your shoulders tide,*
*With Scarfes & Garters as you please, & Hey for our Town cri'd*
*March out and shew your willing minds by twenty and by twenty,*
*To Hogsdon or to Newington, where Ale and Cakes are plenty:*
*And let it nere be said, for shame, that we the youths of* London,
*Lay thrumming of our Caps at home, and left our custome vndone.*
*Vp then, I say, both yong and old, both man and maide a Maying*
*With Drums and Guns that bounce alowd, & merry Taber playing.*
*Which to prolong, God saue our King, and send his Country peace*
*And roote out Treason from the Land, and so, my friends I cease.*

Finis Act. 4.

Actus.

## Actus 5. Scœna prima.

*Enter Marchant, solus.*

*March.* I will haue no great store of company at the wedding, a cupple of neighbours and their wiues, and wee will haue a Capon in stewed broth, with marrow, and a good peece of beefe, stucke with rose-mary.

*Enter Iasper, his face mealed.*

*Iasp.* Forbeare thy paines fond man, it is too late.
*March.* Heauen blesse me: *Iasper?*
*Iasp.* I, I am his Ghost
Whom thou hast iniur'd for his constant loue:
Fond worldly wretch, who dost not vnderstand
In death that true hearts cannot parted be.
First know thy daughter is quite borne away,
On wings of Angels, through the liquid aire,
To farre out of thy reach, and neuer more
Shalt thou behold her face: But shee and I
Will in another world enioy our loues,
Where neither fathers anger, pouertie,
Nor any crosse that troubles earthly men
Shall make vs seuer our vnited hearts.
And neuer shalt thou sit, or be alone
In any place, but I will visit thee
With gastly lookes, and put into thy minde
The great offences wich thou didst to me.
When thou art at thy Table with thy friends
Merry in heart, and fild with swelling wine,
Il'e come in midst of all thy pride and mirth,
Inuisible to all men but thy selfe,
And whisper such a sad tale in thine eare,
Shall make thee let the Cuppe fall from thy hand,
And stand as mute and pale as Death it selfe.
*March.* Forgiue me *Iasper*; Oh! what might I doe?

Tell me, to satisfie thy trobled Ghost?

*Iasp.* There is no meanes, too late thou thinkst of this.

*March.* But tell me what were best for me to doe?

*Iasp.* Repent thy deede, and satisfie my father,
And beat fond *Humphrey* out of thy dores, *Exit Iasper.*

*Enter Humphrey.*

*Wife.* Looke *George*, his very Ghost would haue folkes beaten.

*Humph.* Father, my bride is gone, faire mistresse *Luce*,
My soule's the fount of vengeance, mischiefes sluce.

*March.* Hence foole out of my sight, with thy fond passion
Thou hast vndone me.

*Humph.* Hold my father deere,
For *Luce* thy daughters sake, that had no peere.

*Mar.* Thy father foole? there's some blows more, begone.
*Iasper*, I hope thy Ghost bee well appeased,
To see thy will performd, now will I go
To satisfie thy father for thy wrongs. *Exit.*

*Humph.* What shall I doe? I haue beene beaten twice,
And mistresse *Luce* is gone? helpe me deuice:
Since my true-loue is gone, I neuermore,
Whilst I do liue, vpon the sky will pore;
But in the darke will weare out my shooe-soles
In passion, in Saint *Faiths* Church vnder *Paules*. *Exit.*

*Wife. George* call *Rafe* hither, if you loue me call *Rafe* hither, I haue the braueſt thing for him to do *George*; pre'thee call him quickly.

*Cit.* *Rafe*, why *Rafe* boy. *Enter Rafe.*

*Rafe.* Heere sir.

*Cit.* Come hither *Rafe*, come to thy mistresse boy.

*Wife. Rafe* I would haue thee call all the youthes together in battle-ray, with drums, and guns, and flags, and march to Mile end in pompous fashion, and there exhort your Souldiers to be merry and wise, and to keepe their beards from burning *Rafe*, and then skirmish, and let your flagges flye, and cry kill, kill, kill: my husband shall lend you his Ierkin *Rafe*, and there's a scarfe; for the rest, the house shall furnish you,

and

and wee'l pay for't: doe it brauely *Rafe*, and thinke before whom you performe, and what person you represent.

*Rafe.* I warrant you mistresse if I do it not for the honour of the Citty, and the credit of my master, let me neuer hope for freedome.

*Wife.* 'Tis well spoken I faith; go thy wayes, thou art a sparke indeed.

*Cit.* *Rafe*, *Rafe*, double your files brauely *Rafe*.

*Rafe.* I warrant you sir. *Exit* *Rafe*.

*Cit.* Let him looke narrowly to his seruice, I shall take him else, I was there my selfe a pike-man once in the hottest of the day, wench; had my feather shot sheere away, the fringe of my pike burnt off with powder, my pate broken with a scouring-sticke, and yet I thanke God I am heere.

*Drum within.*

*Wife.* Harke *George* the drums.

*Cit.* Ran, tan, tan, tan; ran, tan: O wench an thou hadst but seene little *Ned* of Algate, drum *Ned*, how hee made it rore againe, and layd on like a tyrant: and then stroke softly till the ward came vp, and then thundred againe, and together we go: sa, sa, sa, bounce quoth the guns: courage my hearts, quoth the Captaines: Saint *George*, quoth the pike-men; and withall here they lay, and there they lay: And yet for all this I am heere wench.

*Wife.* Be thankfull for it *George*, for indeed 'tis wonderfull.

*Enter Rafe and his company with Drummes and colours.*

*Rafe.* March faire my hearts, Lieuetenant beate the reare vp: Ancient, let your colours flye; but haue a great care of the Butchers hookes at white-Chappell, they haue beene the death of many a faire Ancient. Open your files that I may take a view both of your persons and munition: Serge-ant call a muster.

*Serg.* A stand, *William Hamerton* peuterer.

*Ham.* Here Captaine.

*Rafe.* A Corslet, and a spanish pike; 'tis well, can you shake it with a terror?

*Ham.*

*Ham.* I hope so Captaine.

*Rafe.* Charge vpon me, 'tis with the weakest: put more strength *William Hammerton*, more strength: as you were againe. Proceed Sergeant.

*Serge. George Greene-goose*, Poulterer?

*Greene.* Heere.

*Rafe.* Let me see your peece neighbour *Greene-goose*, when was she shot in?

*Greene.* And like you maister Captaine, I made a shot euen now, partly to scoure her, and partly for audacity.

*Rafe.* It should seeme so certainely, for her breath is yet inflamed: besides, there is a maine fault in the touch-hole, it runnes, and stinketh; and I tell you moreouer, and beleeue it: Ten such touch-holes would breed the pox in the Army. Get you a feather, neighbour, get you a feather, sweet oyle, and paper, and your peece may do well enough yet. Where's your powder?

*Greene.* Heere.

*Rafe.* What in a paper? As I am a Souldier, and a Gentleman, it craues a Martiall Court: you ought to dye for't. Where's your horne? answere me to that.

*Greene.* An't like you sir, I was obliuious.

*Rafe.* It likes me not you should bee so; 'tis a shame for you, and a scandall to all our neighbours, beeing a man of worth and estimation, to leaue your horne behinde you: I am afraid 'twill breed example. But let me tell you no more on't; stand, till I view you all. What's become o'th nose of your flaske?

1. *Souldier.* Indeed law Captaine, 'twas blowne away with powder.

*Rafe.* Put on a new one at the Cities charge. Where's the stone of this peece?

2. *Souldier.* The Drummer tooke it out to light Tobacco.

*Rafe.* 'Tis a fault my friend, put it in againe: You want a Nose, and you a Stone; Sergeant, take a note on't, for I meane to stoppe it in the pay. Remoue and march, soft and faire

faire Gentlemen, soft and faire: double your files, as you were, faces about. Now you with the sodden face, keepe in there: looke to your match sirrah, it will be in your fellowes flaske anone. So, make a crescent now, aduance your pikes, stand and giue eare. Gentlemen, Countrey-men, Friends, and my fellow-Souldiers, I haue brought you this day from the Shops of Security, and the Counters of Content, to measure out in these furious fields, Honour by the ell; and prowesse by the pound: Let it not, ô let it not, I say, bee told hereafter, the noble issue of this Citie fainted: but beare your selues in this faire action, like men, valiant men, and freemen; Feare not the face of the enemy, nor the noise of the guns: for beleeue me brethren, the rude rumbling of a Brewers Carre is farre more terrible, of which you haue a daily experience: Neither let the stinke of powder offend you, since a more valiant stinke is nightly with you. To a resolued minde, his home is euery where: I speake not this to take away the hope of your returne; for you shall see (I do not doubt it) and that very shortly, your louing wiues againe, and your sweet children, whose care doth beare you company in baskets. Remember then whose cause you haue in hand, and like a sort of true-borne Scauingers, scoure me this famous Realme of enemies. I haue no more to say but this: Stand to your tacklings lads, and shew to the world you can as well brandish a sword, as shake an apron. Saint *George* and on my hearts. *Omnes.* S^t. *George*, S^t. *George*. *Exeunt*

*Wife.* 'Twas well done *Rafe*, Il'e send thee a cold Capon a field, and a bottle of March-beere; and it may be, come my selfe to see thee.

*Cit. Nell*, the boy has deceiued me much, I did not thinke it had beene in him: he has performed such a matter wench, that if I liue, next yeare Il'e haue him Captaine of the Gallyfoist, or Il'e want my will.

*Enter old Merri-thought.*

*Old mer.* Yet I thanke God, I breake not a rinkle more then I had, nor a stoope boyes: *Care* liue with Cats, I defie thee, my heart is as sound as an Oke; and though I want drinke

to wet my whistle, I can sing:

Come no more there boyes, come no more there:
For we shall neuer whilst we liue, come any more there.

*Enter a boy with a Coffin.*

*Boy.* God saue you sir.

*Old mer.* It's a braue boy: canst thou sing?

*Boy.* Yes sir, I can sing, but 'tis not so necessary at this time.

*Old merri.* Sing wee, and chaunt it, whilst loue doth grant it.

*Boy.* Sir, sir, if you knew what I haue brought you, you would haue little list to sing.

*Old mer.* O the Mimon round, full long long I haue thee sought,
And now I haue thee found, & what hast thou here brought?

*Boy.* A Coffin sir, and your dead son *Iasper* in it.

*Old mer.* Dead? why fare-well he:
Thou wast a bonny boy, and I did loue thee.

*Enter Iasper.*

*Iasp.* Then I pray you sir do so still.

*Old mer.* *Iaspers* ghost? thou art welcome from Stygian lake so soone,
Declare to mee what wondrous things in *Pluto's* court are done.

*Ias.* By my troth sir, I nere came there, tis too hot for me sir.

*Old mer.* A merry ghost, a very merry ghost.
And where is your true-loue? o where is yours?

*Ias.* Marie looke you sir. *Heaues vp the Coffin.*

*Old mer.* Ah ha! Art thou good at that I faith?
With hey trixie terlery-whiskin, the world it runnes on wheeles,
When the yong mans —— vp goes the maidens heeles.

*Mistresse Merri-thought, and Michael within.*

*Mist. mer.* What Mr. *Merri-thought*, will you not let's in? what do you thinke shall become of vs?

*Old mer.* What voyce is that that calleth at our doore?

*Mist. mer.* You know me well enough, I am sure I haue not

beene such a stranger to you.

*Old mer.* And some they whistled, and some they sung, *Hey downe, downe*: and some did lowdly say, euer as the Lord *Barnets* horne blew, *away Musgraue, away.*

*Mist. mer.* You will not haue vs starue here, will you Mr. *Merri-thought?*

*Iasp.* Nay good sir be perswaded, she is my mother: if her offences haue beene great against you; let your owne loue remember she is yours, and so forgiue her.

*Luce* Good Mr. *Merri-thought* let mee entreat you, I will not be denied. (still?

*Mist. mer.* Why Mr. *Merri-thought*, will you be a vext thing

*Old. mer.* Woman I take you to my loue againe, but you shall sing before you enter: therefore dispatch your song, and so come in.

*Mist. mer.* Well, you must haue your will when al's done. Micke what song canst thou sing boy?

*Mich.* I can sing none forsooth, but a Ladies daughter of *Paris* properly.

*Mist. mer. Song. It was, a Ladies daughter, &c.*

*Old. mer.* Come, you'r welcome home againe.
If such danger be in playing, and iest must to earnest turne,
You shall go no more a maying.

*March. within.* Are you within sir, Maister *Merri-thought?*

*Iasp.* It is my maisters voyce, good sir go hold him in talke whilst we conuey our selues into some inward roome.

*Old mer.* What are you? are you merry? you must bee very merry if you enter.

*March.* I am sir.

*Old mer.* Sing then.

*March.* Nay good sir open to me.

*Old mer.* Sing, I say, or by the merry heart you come not in.

*March.* Well sir, Ile'e sing.

*Fortune my Foe, &c.*

*Old mer.* You are welcome sir, you are welcome, you see your entertainment, pray you bee merry.

*March.* O Mr. *Merri-thought*, I am come to aske you

Forgiueneſſe for the wrongs I offered you,
And your moſt vertuous ſonne, they're infinite,
Yet my contrition ſhall be more then they.
I do confeſſe my hardneſſe broke his heart,
For which, iuſt heauen hath giuen me puniſhment
More then my age can carry, his wandring ſpirit
Not yet at reſt, purſues me euery where,
Crying, I'le haunt thee for thy cruelty.
My daughter ſhe is gone, I know not how,
Taken inuiſible, and whether liuing,
Or in graue, 'tis yet vncertaine to me.
O Maiſter *Merry-thought*, theſe are the weights,
Will ſinke me to my graue, forgiue me ſir.

*Old mer.* Why ſir, I do forgiue you, and be merry,
And if the wag, in's life time, plaid the knaue,
Can you forgiue him too? *Merch.* Withall my heart ſir.

*Old mer.* Speake it againe, and hartely.

*Merch.* I do ſir,
Now by my ſoule I do.

*Old mer.* With that came out his Paramoure,
Shee was as white as the Lillie flower,
Hey troule trollie lollie. *Enter Luce and Iaſper.*
With that came out her owne deere Knight,
He was as true as euer did fight. &c.
Sir, if you will forgiue ham, clap their hands together, there's no more to be ſad i'th' matter.

*Merch.* I do, I do.

*Cit.* I do not like this, peace boies, heare me one of you, euery bodies part is come to an end but *Raphes*, and hee's left out.

*Boy.* 'Tis long of your ſelfe ſir, wee haue nothing to doe with his part.

*Cit.* *Raph* come away, make on him as you haue done of the reſt, boies come.

*Wife.* Now good husband let him come out and die.

*Cit.* He ſhall *Nel*, *Raph* come away quickely and die boy.

*Boy.* 'Twill be very vnfit he ſhould die ſir, vpon no occaſion,

sion, and in a Comedy too.

*Cit.* Take you no care of that sir boy, is not his part at an end, thinke you, when he's dead? come away *Raph.*

*Enter Raph, with a forked arrow through his head.*

*Raph.* When I was mortall, this my costiue corps
Did lap vp Figs and Raisons in the Strand,
Where sitting I espi'd a louely Dame,
Whose Maister wrought with Lingell and with All,
And vnder ground he vampied many a boote,
Straight did her loue pricke forth me, tender sprig
To follow feats of Armes in warlike wise,
Through *Waltham* Desert, where I did performe
Many atchieuements, and did lay on ground
Huge *Barbaroso* that insulting Giant,
And all his Captiues soone set at liberty.
Then honour prickt me from my natiue soile,
Into *Moldauia*, where I gain'd the loue
Of *Pompiana* his beloued daughter:
But yet prou'd constant to the blacke thum'd maide
*Susan*, and skorn'd *Pompianaes* loue:
Yet liberall I was and gaue her pinnes,
And money for her fathers Officers,
I then returned home, and thrust my selfe
In action, and by all men chosen was
Lord of the May, where I did flourish it,
With Skarfes and Rings, and Posie in my hand,
After this action, I preferred was,
And chosen Citty Captaine at Mile-end,
With hat and feather and with leading staffe,
And train'd my men aud brought them all off cleere,
Saue one man that berai'd him with the noise.
But all these things I *Raph* did vndertake,
Onely for my beloued *Susans* sake.
Then comming home, and sitting in my Shop
With Apron blew, death came vnto my Stall
To cheapen *Aqua-vitæ*, but ere I
Could take the bottle downe, and fill a taste,

Death caught a pound of Pepper in his hand,
And sprinkled all my face and body ore,
And in an instant vanished away.

*Cit.* 'Tis a pretty fiction i'faith.

*Raph.* Then tooke I vp my Bow and Shaft in hand,
And walkt into *Moore-fields* to coole my selfe,
But there grim cruell death met me againe,
And shot this forked arrow through my head,
And now I faint, therefore be warn'd by me,
My fellowes euery one of forked heads.
Fare-well all you good boies in merry *London*,
Nere shall we more vpon Shroue-tuesday meete
And plucke downe houses of iniquitie.
My paine increaseth, I shall neuer more
Hold open, whilst another pumpes both legs,
Nor daube a Satten gowne with rotten egs:
Set vp a stake, ô neuer more I shall,
I die, flie, flie my soule to *Grocers* Hall: oh, oh, oh, &c.

*Wife.* Well said *Raph*, doe your obeysance to the Gentlemen and go your waies, well said *Raph*.

*Exit Raph.*

*Old mer.* Me thinkes all we, thus kindly and vnexpectedly reconciled should not depart without a song.

*Merch.* A good motion.

*Old mer.* Strike vp then.

Song.

*Better Musicke nere was knowne,*
*Then a quire of hearts in one.*
*Let each other that hath beene,*
*Troubled with the gall or spleene:*
*Learne of vs to keepe his brow,*
*Smoth and plaine as ours are now.*
*Sing though before the houre of dying*
*He shall rise and then be crying.*
*Hey ho, 'tis nought but mirth.*
*That keepes the body from the earth.*

*Exeunt Omnes.*

*Epilogus.*

*Epilogus.*

*Cittiz.* Come *Nel*, ſhall we go, the Plaies done.

*Wife.* Nay by my faith *George*, I haue more manners then ſo, I'le ſpeake to theſe Gentlemen firſt : I thanke you all Gentlemen, for your patience and countenane to *Raph*, a poore fatherleſſe child, and if I might ſee you at my houſe, it ſhould go hard, but I would haue a pottle of wine and a pipe of Tobacco for you, for truely I hope you do like the youth, but I would bee glad to know the truth : I referre it to your owne diſcretions, whether you will applaud him or no, for I will winke, and whilſt you ſhall do what you will, I thanke you with all my heart, God giue you good night; come *George*.

*FINIS.*

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